

WILDFIRE
Leaves
S.C. FREY



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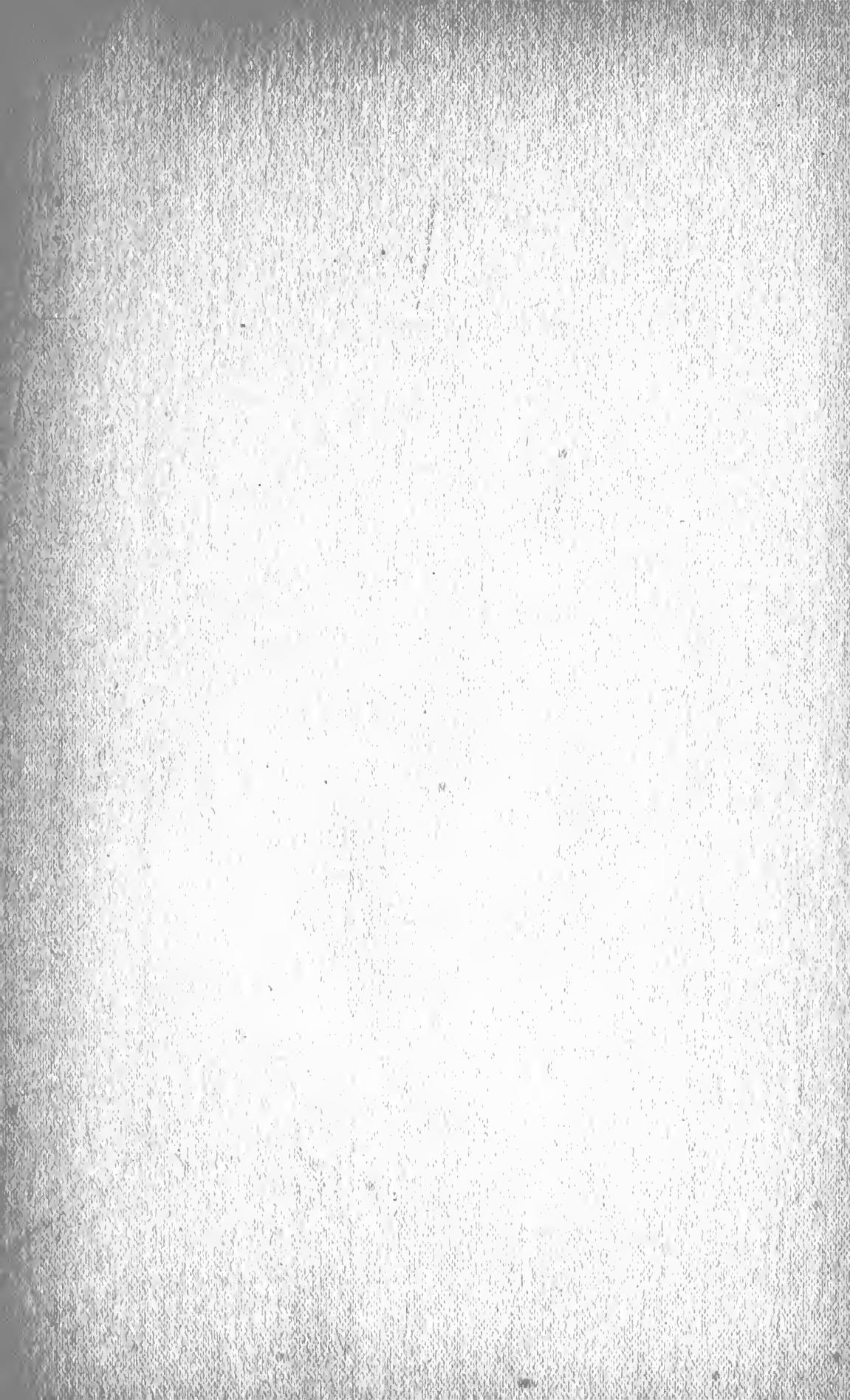
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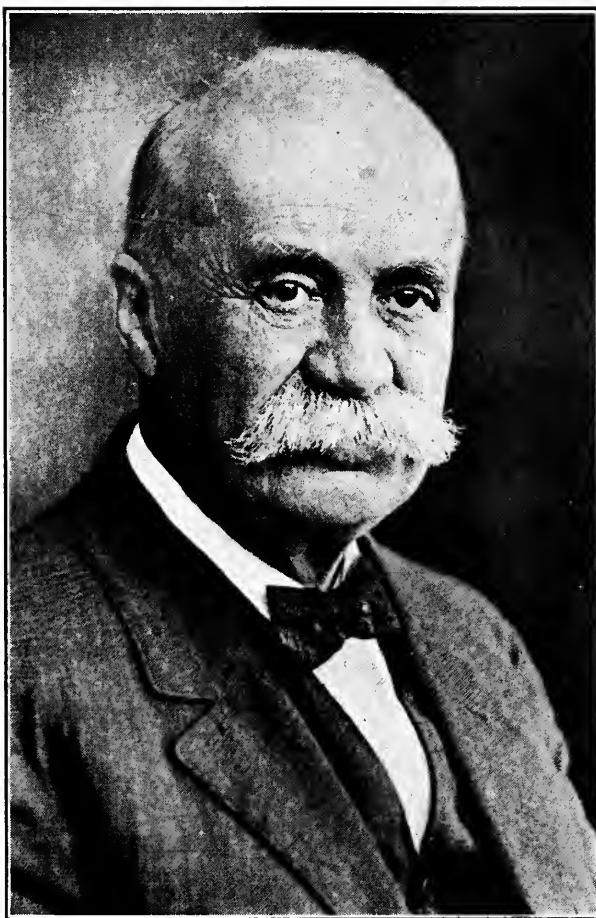












THE AUTHOR

Autumn Leaves

SOME VERSES

BY

SAMUEL C. FREY

1921
YORK, PA.

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AUTUMN LEAVES

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DEDICATED TO ALL WHO
HAVE MUSIC IN THEIR SOULS

*"I thought I'd write a little poem
'Bout autumn leaves, you see,
Because it seemed that autumn leaves
Were very much like me."*



THE MINSTER, YORK, ENGLAND



Preface

The verses in this book were, with few exceptions, written after the author's sixtieth year—this suggested the title. They were prepared for special occasions, or where something original was called for. There was no thought of, or attempt at, permanency, and some so written have been lost, because of failure to preserve copies.

Some kind friends expressed the desire to have these verses in book form, and, an unexpected opportunity arising going far toward financing the project, this is the result. If the reader gets but a fraction of the satisfaction in reading this book that the author experienced in its production, these efforts have not been in vain.

It is almost inevitable, considering the period during which these verses were written, that patriotism and religion should play a large part in their construction; the quips and jokes at the "Dinners" were a natural part of the author's efforts to entertain, and were taken in a proper spirit; the tributes are weak attempts at expressions of esteem.

With the hope of providing a modicum of cheer, stimulus and comfort to the reader, this booklet is offered to all who will pay the price.

To those whose pre-publication support made this work possible, are herewith extended the author's sincere thanks; if any reader is pleased, his gratitude is due to these subscribers.

S. C. F.

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Concerning Poetry

*“Who is a Poet? * * **
He lifts men higher, kindles holy fire,
Though his metre be broken, and faulty his rhyme.”

A POEM IN THE MAKING

I thought I'd write a little poem
'Bout autumn leaves, you see;
Because it seemed that autumn leaves
Were very much like me.

All summer long they have no cares;
To them time endless seems;
But when Jack Frost comes 'nipping round,
They wake up from their dreams.

And so the days of early life
Slipped carelessly away;
Thirties, forties and fifties, too;
Who can their progress stay?

But now the sere and yellow leaf
Swings slowly in the breeze;
And everything brings home the truth:
Soon bare will be the trees.

Well, writing poems is not so hard
As some might think it is;
You get the subject in your mind,
And write some thing like this.

*All summer long she swung in breeze,
Which gaily whistled through the trees.*

And then I thought how some had said
My poems they recognized:
'Twas eight and eight or eight and six;
They seemed quite exercised.

So at some pains, the meter I changed;
I'll fool them all, this time;
'Tis just a few more words thrown in;
They will not change the rhyme.

*All the gay summer long she swung in the breeze
Which whistled so gaily all through the trees.*

But stop! The last line halting seems;
Its syllables count but ten;
Besides, there's too much "gay"-ety;
I'll have to try again.

*All the gay summer long she swung in the breeze
Which whistled so cheerily through the tall trees.*

*Now gently caressing,
Like lover addressing
His devoir to lady, who's surely some tease.*

*He'd bring her sweet fragrance of clover and thyme;
Now there is needed, as you see,
Two words to go with "thyme."
There's "climb," or "clime," "dime,"
"grime" or "lime,"
Ah! Here are "prime" and "rhyme."*

*The lady, capricious, capricious so prime;
One minute responsive,—*

Say, where in Webster will you find
A word that here will fit.
I give it up; but, "presto! change!"
I think that this is it:

*Responsive one minute,
The next he's not in it;
His suit, like some verses, is all out of rhyme.*

*'Tis said that "A woman, a dog, walnut tree,
The more that you beat them, the better they be."
So he ripped and he tore;
He beat her quite sore;
She looked all bedraggled, a sad sight to see.*

There, strange to tell, that stanza is
Just as it came to mind.
Though you may think it does not seem
To women very kind.

*But, after the storm passed, the sun shone once
more,
Just as it had always done, often before.*

That last line could much better be,
Although quite true the thought;
So, after meditation deep,
This was the change I wrought:

*And painted the rainbow, as often before.
The leaf, no more wrinkled,
She primped and she prinkled,
And then she was ready to flirt, as of yore.*

That “prinkled” may to you seem odd;
I had my doubts about it;
But Webster says it means “to perk,”
I could not do without it.

*But flirting was not her only vocation;
She did some good work, because of location.
She hid from prying eyes,
Below or in the skies,—*

But now there is trouble once more
To find the proper words;
'Rotation" will rhyme, but oh, dear me;
What's that to do with birds?

I want to say that she could hide
The little birds in nest,
From cats and owls, from boys and guns;
But how to say it best.

*But flirting was not just the one thing she did;
With tenderest care, she thoughtfully hid
From hungry, prying eyes
Below, or in the skies,
Securely screened nestlings 'neath soft, shiny lid.*

*She joined with her sisters, a shelter they made
'Gainst fury of rainstorm; formed dense, cooling
shade,
Where man and bird and beast,*

Here you can see the fix I'm in;
I have to find at least
Two words, the one to rhyme with "made,"
The other goes with "beast."

The latter is the first to mind:

Content, may rest at least,

But how about the “made?”
Ah! Here’s a phrase I’ve used before,
Has just come to my aid:

Below shelt’ring cover, where none make afraid.

*As pass the days by, Summer follows the Spring;
The birds in the nest will betake them to wing;
The harvest has ended, hear grasshoppers sing.*

That was a snap; but how about
The two short lines we need
“Twixt “wing” and “sing;” twelve syllables
Are just the tale. Take heed:

*The sweet scent of clover
Will full soon be over;*

But, when this stanza was ended,
The thought occurred to me:
I hadn’t said a word before
About Springtime, you see.

Besides, as you and I well know,
The leaves in Spring appear,
And most of them keep hanging in
Three seasons of the year.

So, to start at the beginning,
And leave no gap remain;
We'll stop right here, and thusly write
The first lines once again:

*All the laughing Springtime she swung in the breeze
Which whistled so cheerily through the tall trees;*

Now, some say trees are not all tall;
The criticism's true;
But writers all have heroes tall
And ladies "stately," too.

*The gray days of Autumn are now drawing nigh;
No longer the bright sun paints rainbow in sky;
No more busy flirting,
Nor prinkling nor perkling;*

Quite tautological is that,
Since "prinkling" means "to perk;"
But, changing thought, I make it right
By just a little work.

*No idle diverting;
To imitate rainbow the aged leaf doth try.*

*To lover of nature she throws down the gage;
Her colors resplendent are now all the rage.*

*She gives some one pleasure
In beauty past measure;
Then drops off the tree and exits from the stage.*

Say, how is that? Right off the bat
It seemed to come with ease.
Perhaps, because, just at this point,
The leaf with me agrees.

We've gone so far, that you can see
How slight a task it is
To have a thought, find words to fit,
And write a thing like this.

So you may drop the chaff, and glean
The grain in easy stages;
You'll find it printed, all complete,
Upon succeeding pages.

AUTUMN LEAVES

All the laughing Springtime she swung in
the breeze

Which whistled so cheerily through the tall
trees;

Now gently caressing,
Like lover addressing

His devoir to lady, who's surely some tease.

He'd bring her sweet fragrance of clover
and thyme;

The lady capricious, capricious so prime;
Responsive one minute,
The next he's not in it;

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The more that you beat them the better
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And painted the rainbow, as often before.
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She primped and she prinkled,
And then she was ready to flirt as of yore.

But flirting was not just the one thing she
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With the tenderest care she thoughtfully
hid
From hungry, prying eyes,
Below or in the skies,
Securely screened nestlings 'neath soft,
shiny lid.

She joined with her sisters, a shelter they
made
'Gainst fury of rainstorms; formed dense,
cooling shade
Where man and bird and beast,
Content, may rest at least,
Below sheltering cover, where none make
afraid.

As pass the days by, Summer follows the
Spring;
The birds in the nest will betake them to
wing;
The sweet scent of clover
Will full soon be over [sing.
The harvest has ended; hear grasshoppers
The gray days of Autumn are now drawing
nigh;
No longer the bright sun paints rainbow
in sky;
No more busy flirting,
No idle diverting;
To imitate rainbow the aged leaf doth try.
To lover of Nature she throws down the
gage; [rage.
Her colors, resplendent, are now all the
She gives some one pleasure,
In beauty past measure; [stage.
Then drops off the tree and exits from the

* * * * *

Through the days of my youth and the fast
flying years [fears;
I've tasted life's joys, felt its hopes and its

Have taken full measure
Of soul-cheering pleasure;
But have I e'er helped to dry anyone's
tears?

Then, e'er the last leaf looses hold on the
tree,
May I not hope some one, by reason of me,
Has found life some brighter,
Its burdens some lighter,
Because of the sunlight that here she may
see?

Or worker or dreamer 'long life's busy way,
Discouraged, faint-hearted, afraid of the
day,
May here find a token,
Some word fitly spoken,
To help him take courage, press on in the
fray?

If this be my fortune, 'tis fortune indeed,
To know that I brightened some soul in its
need.

Or, if unknown to me,
The Master still will see,
The tints of the rainbow in leaf he will read.

FIRST AID TO POETS

If you think of writing poetry,
Or something that will rhyme;
You'll often meet with trouble, for
Words won't fit every time.

Sometimes there is no rhythm, and
The accent don't come right;
The line's too short, the line's too long;
There seems no help in sight.

Let me prove Good Samaritan
And help you when you're troubled;
A sorrow shared means much woe spared;
While shared joy is joy doubled.

These helps are easy to recall;
They number four, you see;
The small grace notes, the accent grave,
Much used apostrophe.

And then that oft abusèd gift,
“Poetic license” called,
Which is a boon to versifiers
Whenever they are stalled.

THE APOSTROPHE

The apostrophe's a little thing;
Takes up a trifling space;
But in all poems, both great and small,
Holds most important place.

The apostrophe has uses three:
Possession it denotes;
Likewise omissions thus are marked;
And then it's half of quotes.

How awkward it would be to say:
"That is hat of my boy;"
And yet, in many languages,
That is term to employ.

So, when your line is just too long,
One syllable too many;
'Tis then apostrophe comes in,
And takes the place of any

That have to be left out, because
You have to "keep in time;"
For metre's just as much required
In poetry, as rhyme.

Yet, if you think about your speech,
You'll be surprised to see
How oft, in conversation, you
Use the apostrophe.

Life seems too short to say "It is,"
When "It's" will do as well.
The 'postrophe is time-saver;
We fall beneath its spell.

Again, when thoughts are running shy,
How easy 'tis to say
The things some other fellow said,
And mark them just this way: " "

Some of your readers, sure, will think
These thoughts are all your own;
While those who know, will smile and say:
"He has good judgment shown."

GRACE NOTES

Have you e'er in a music score,
Some small notes noticed, one or more,
So unassuming, as to say:
"We feel, perhaps, we're in the way."

But many times they're just the thing
To give to melody a ring;
To break monotony of pace,
And lend to song an added grace.

So, too, the extra syllable,
In pleasing charm will often tell;
Just as a change from strict notation
To what is known as syncopation

Will please the ear, at least for while;
Or as a maid will youth beguile
By something out of ordinary
In voice, in dress, or millinery.

And yet, it often seems to me,
That too much use of these may be
Confession of a lack of power
To use the English of the hour.

So "hitch your wagon to a star,"
And try to tell things as they are,
In language plain; a pleasant jingle,
But ever with a purpose single:

To cheer the soul, drive care away,
And lift the burden of each day;
To aid, instruct and entertain;
Then will your work not be in vain.

THE GRAVE ACCENT

There's another character often used,
And not to be despised.

When a line is just a little bit short
And needs to be revised.

It doesn't make very much of a show,
For this is what it is: `
But when it is placed o'er the letter "e,"
It makes a change like this:

“On silken couch my belovèd now lies,
And smiles in pleasant dreams.”

The old word “beloved” “belov-èd” now is,
Which more impressive seems.

What heretofore was a one-syllabled word
Now has syllables two.

One would hardly think so small an affair
Could make so much ado.

This mark is well-known as an accent
grave,

And fills out many lines;
And the poor poet, as here doth show it,
Must use it many times.

Perhaps, through your life, you sometime
have known

One who this accent found;
For its possession, in many a case,
Makes diff'rence all around.

I have heard of boys who, when put to task,
Would move with leaden feet;
But if in a game, though work be the same,
Their movements were quite fleet.

Or a girl, as maid, so demure and shy;
Could scarcely speak a word;
But, married at last, her accent she found;
Her voice was always heard.

I have said that this accent, verily,
Of syllables makes more;
That lovèd now two syllables is,
Instead of one, before.

If by some witchery I could but make
This thing affect my purse,
I wouldn't have to sit up all the night
To write a little verse.

Let me make a suggestion; try it on
The things of life each day.
When you've pleasure to give, use accent
grave;
You'll find that it will pay.

When there's scandal afloat, hard things
are said,
Then use apostrophe.
Omit the false note that spoils harmony,
And life will sweeter be.

* * * * *

I trust you've lesson learnèd well,
So you can plainly see
In these four lines I've given you
An example of all three.

POETIC LICENSE

“License” doth in itself import
A privilege to do
Things out of ordinary, quite,
And, therefore, something new.

When poet tries to find some words
That fit in thought and rhyme,
Accent and metre surely give
To him a trying time.

So that poor poets may survive,
And still with us abide,
Some things must be permitted them,
To common folks denied.

“My friend has come to stay with us;”
Such was the poet’s thought;
But as the word to rhyme with this
Was “say,” there’s trouble fraught.

To find a word to rhyme with “us,”
Required some revision.
“My friend has come with us to stay;”
By this slight transposition

The rhyme with “say” is thus preserved;
And that’s the reason, why,
To keep the rhyme and accent, too,
Words sometimes seem awry.

The sound of vowels is often changed
To meet the rhyme in mind.
It’s not at all unique to hear
The poet speak of “wind,”

When it is air in motion, that
He has upon his mind;
Or, what this book is all about,
Says some smart chap, unkind.

Here’s where the Esperantists have
Advantage over us;
About pronunciation, they
Need never have a fuss.

No seven sounds for “a” have they;
No four for “o” are found;
Each letter in their alphabet
Has but a single sound.

So, in the case of direst need,
When English words are o'er,
The needy bard will use a word
You never heard before.

Thus accent, rhyme and metre, too,
Play many funny tricks;
And here "poetic license" much
Helps out, when in a fix.

But 'tis a thing to use with care;
He English knows the best
Who paints word pictures, clean and sharp,
In words that stand the test

Of accent pure, of metre right,
Pronounced as by the rule,
Of smoothest flow, contractions none,
Fit for severest school.

Such is the ideal; but, alas!
How far we miss the mark;
In fact, quite often it does seem
Like shooting in the dark.

So take my lessons in good heart,
And try to do your best;
Then, like so many abler men,
Just leave to God the rest.

But this one thing I would impress
Upon the eager mind:
Do what you can, whene'er you can,
In service for mankind.

A thought for good, e'en if poorly ex-
pressed,
Is better than evil thought, handsomely
dressed.
Let us have your thought, though words be
broken;
Don't keep it hid, forever unspoken.

WHO IS A POET?

Who is a poet? Not the mere rhym'ster,
Else laureates would be uncrowned;
In Longfellow, Shakespeare, Dante and
Milton
Quite often rhymes cannot be found.

Nor it is the rhythm that makes the poem;
For here, again, you must agree
That some of the finest of poetry
Hath no rhythm that you can see.

But rhyme and rhythm are necessary
To fully please the human ear;
The swing and lilt, beginning and end,
Make melody that's nice to hear.

The millions of stars which stud vault of
night,
All calmly move in measured state,
In ways appointed, on time that is fixed;
They're never too early or late.

The blood in our veins has a steady throb,
Unless there's undue excitement;
The air enters lungs in regular breaths,
Except there's some affrightment.

The armies that marched with a cadenced
step,
In military precision;
That fought their battles by methods well
planned,
Brought all the world to submission.

So 'tis the metre that cannot be slighted,
As though it were ornamental;
It is the very spirit of motion
In poetry transcendental.

But, no! That word is exaggerated;
For rhyme and rhythm, desirable,
May yet be likened to apples of Sodom:
Exterior admirable,

But ashes and husks; no sustenance there.
True poetry paints pictures fair,
Of scenes and actions not readily sensed,
Which need a brush of merit rare.

The clouds in the sky, the clods on the earth,
Birds in the forest, beasts in the field,
There's nothing so common, but poetic
mind
Can out of it make precious yield.

With the master's art, he readily plays
On the chords of imagination,
'Till we see for ourselves the beauty he
sees,
And are thrilled with admiration.

But, greater far than material things
Although they be harmonious,
Which will, for a moment, delight the eye,
Or please the ear, euphonious—

Is the tale of human thoughts and deeds,
When told in words that thrill and burn:
The soldier who battles for 'Country and
Right
Who grapples with Death on ev'ry turn;

The lover who dares, for sweetheart so fair,
By very daring success commands;
The mother who slaves that child may succeed:
The priest exiled in foreign lands;—

These pictures of man in highest estate,
When man becomes a super-man,
Emblazons his name on the bright scroll of
Fame,
For men in the future to scan;—

When thoughts so aroused are high and noble,
When they speak of love and duty,
Of deeds heroic, or honor unstained—
When right is shown in its beauty—

When children are pleased, when cares are lightened,
When laughter gay drives gloom away—
When sorrows are soothed and hope is strengthened—
When faith in God is made our stay—

When love for country and service for man
Are kindled anew in our hearts—

When nothing can daunt us or make
afraid—

With purpose high we play our parts—

Then, then is the poet in godlike mood;
He honors his art, himself and his time;
He lifts men higher, kindles holy fire,
Though his metre be broken and faulty
his rhyme.

Patriotic

For additional Patriotic lines, see "At Weber's Dinner" and "Tributes."

*“To do for others as you should do;
To God, your Country and Self be true.”*

WHO IS A PATRIOT?

Who is a Patriot? It's not the man
Who skins the Government whene'er he
can;
Who uses a stamp for the second time;—
He's surely subject for warmer clime.

Not he who so craftily falsifies
In making out tax return, and thus tries
To beat the collector, and, when found out,
He claims the benefit of the doubt.

Nor he who figures his losses so great,
The first of the year; but if you will wait
'Till after March 1st, his business does
grow;
But then it's too late to pay taxes, you
know.

Nor he who, when riding on street railway,
Forgets to offer the conductor his pay;
Who claims that so long as you're not
found out,
You're shrewd if the company you beat, no
doubt.

Nor the man who to his good neighbor goes,
And beats the comp'ny by using his hose;
Or says not a word of a spigot more,
Of water he's using and not paying for.

You don't have to be a Bolshevik Red
To be by the nose like stupid ox led;
Nor prate from soap box on things chaotic,
To class yourself as unpatriotic.

The man who stealthily violates law
Is more dang'rous than he who wags his
jaw
In talking against the Government;
By talking so much, all force is spent.

Whene'er you do wrong to one of your kind,
And hurt him in body, in heart or in mind;
When the world is darker because of you,
then

You put yourself down as bad citizen.

A country's made up of its people all,
And he, who serves one of them, answers
the call
Of patriotism in highest degree,
By serving just plain folk like you and me.

In ev'ry movement to help and uplift,
Be found as a worker, and don't get miffed
If not a Gen'ral; high private will do;
No malice nor envy; to self be true.

If you honestly think you could fill it well,
Come out for office. You never can tell
How people will vote; but one thing is true:
The country is looking for good men like
you.

Declining to serve, for fear of the work,
Is unpatriotic. It's no time to shirk.
In war or in peace, in forum or field,
To languor and ease no true man will yield.

Then, if you're elected, strain ev'ry nerve
The cause of the people to fully serve;
For he who will serve his country the best
Serves his party the most, by every test.

But if you're defeated, don't sulk or be cross;

Men better than you have oft met with loss.
'Tis better to ride, although to a fall;
Much better than never to ride at all.

If the fight has been honest, the contest fair,

Try again; it's likely some day you'll get there.

If not, many men, who defeated went down,
In hist'ry outlived the winner of crown.

To walk in the way that leads on high;

To always be able to meet a man's eye;

To do for others as you should do;

To God, your Country and Self be true;

This is the aim of ev'ry good man;

The thing he will do as well as he can.

He is patriotic, as you will agree.

When they look for such, will they find you and me?

OUR FATHERS' FLAG

Unfurl the flag! the grand old flag,
The flag our fathers wrought,
'Mid shot and shell they bore aloft,
This flag so dearly bought;
With stripes of brilliant red and white,
With starry field of blue—
To save for us this precious flag
They fought. Will you? Will you?

Fling to the breeze our dear old flag!
Its stripes of glowing red
Are tokens of a sacrifice,
Of blood so freely shed;
That men might prove their right divine,
Their destinies to guide;
By their own will to rule themselves—
For this our fathers died.

They died, to found a nation new,
Where liberty should reign.
Shall we be false and show the world
That they have died in vain?

They died to save a nation great,
When traitors' hands arose.
Shall we stand by and see this flag
Struck down by cruel foes?

Off with the hat as the flag goes by!
Its stripes of spotless white
Bespeak a nation's purpose high:
Devotion to the right.
We seek not others' land or gold,
No lust for wealth or power;
We strive to do, as best we may,
The duty of each hour.

These stripes of white do not portray
The dastard's craven heart;
We will not sell our heritage,
Nor play the coward's part.
We trust in God, with purpose true;
We know our cause is just.
To keep unsoiled our father's flag,
We'll fight, if fight we must.

Fling out the flag unto the breeze!
Its stars will light the way
For weary souls, who bleed and groan
Beneath the tyrant's sway,
To where, beside his cottage door,
In cool of evening's shade,
Man rests from well-requited toil,
With none to make afraid.

Guard well the flag, the blood-bought flag!
Its field of heavenly blue,
An emblem of the loyalty
Which all our fathers knew.
No paltry truckling with the foe,
No dalliance with crime!
Our country and our country's flag!
First, last and all the time!

Stand up for the flag! No skulking now,
When foreign foes assail.
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,"
Would for a moment fail
To lift his voice, to raise his arm,
To show by word and deed,
That he is to his country true,
In this, her hour of need?

Up with the flag! Up everywhere!

The red, the white, the blue!

It is the flag to which our love,
Our life, our all is due.

Lift up the flag, uplift it high!

That all the world may see

The ensign of a people great,
The good, the brave, the free!

This flag of ours must never be

A cloak for those who aim

To overthrow our liberties;

To set the world aflame

With rule of proletariat;

All right and law defied.

It must not wave o'er those who would

Set common sense aside.

Our fathers' God, whose watchful eye

Hath ever been our guide;

Whose loving hand doth shelter us

Whatever ill betide.

May this dear flag float proudly o'er

A nation Thou dost love,

'Till courage, honor, faith and truth

Fruition reach above.

THE SPIRES OF METZ

The virgin blush of a new dawn
Now heralds coming of the day.
The twittering birds burst forth in song,
The stars grow pale and fade away.
The lonely watch on list'ning post
Sees break of morn without regrets;
And low in Eastern sky appear
The spires of Metz; the spires of Metz.

O, town of Metz; what memories
Spring into being at thy name!
What deeds of valor, sacrifice;
What heights of glory, depths of shame!
A French lord saved thee from the foe;
With joy the dang'rous post accepts;
A Frenchman, striking ne'er a blow,
Gave Germany the town of Metz.

O, town of Metz! Thy mother tongue
Is muzzled by efficiency;
Thy neck is bruised 'neath tyrant's heel;
Thy sons are torn away from thee.

Shall year of jubilee ne'er come,
When France the Prussian lord ejects?
Awake and sing! That year is nigh!
O, town of Metz! O, town of Metz!

For lo! In sight of city walls,
Of unseen mines and bristling guns;
There stands a race of heroes new,
Who come to battle with the Huns.
No lust for land; no greed for gold;
No evil motive in their quest.
They come to plant the starry flag
On spires of Metz! On spires of Metz!

What though the road be rough and steep;
Though danger lurks on ev'ry hand;
Though gas and bomb and bayonet
Conspire to halt our little band!
No power on earth can stay their march;
By help of God, recruits and "vets"
Will fight and march and fight at last
'Neath spires of Metz! 'Neath spires of
Metz!

Though some may fall along the way,
As through the German lines they go—
No slackers there; if any fall,
They'll fall with face turned to the foe—
Still at the last we shall prevail;
Some day, when sun sinks in the west,
The Yankee boys will camp at night
In town of Metz! In town of Metz!

Then, rape of Alsace and Lorraine;
The cruel gash in side of France;
The years that men looked all in vain
To see again the right advance—
Are all forgot; and wiped away
The tears and scars that wrong begets;
When three-hued flag shall float again
From spires of Metz! From spires of
Metz!

Let Strasburg's statue be unveiled;
No more her children mourn her fate;
For nearly fifty years she sat
In stately sadness, desolate.
Now year of jubilee has come;
Now France her ravished province gets;
Alsace-Lorraine is now restored,
With Yankee boys in town of Metz.

So, in the years and years to come,
When twilight falls, when shadows wane,
Shall Frenchmen tell unto their sons
How Yankees heard cry of Lorraine;
And sailed across a dangerous sea
With scorn that submarines forgets!
And fought--some died--but won for France
The town of Metz! The town of Metz!

Say, in the years and years to come,
When child--or grandchild--comes to you,
And says: "O, Father," or "Grandpa,"
"In the great war, what did you do
To win the battle for the right?"
O, may you then have no regrets,
As you tell him just what you did
To win for France the town of Metz!

THE REASON WHY

For the sake of the men of Bunker Hill,
Who bared their breasts to England's
might; [field,
Who abandoned the store, the shop, the
To bravely battle for the right—
Come, buy a Liberty Bond.
Shall the blood that was shed for seven
years,
From Lexington to Yorktown old,
Have been shed all in vain because, to-day,
Men will not part with a little gold
And buy a Liberty Bond?

For the sake of the boys who are now in
France,
And the boys who are yet to go;
Who have braved all the dangers of the
deep,
The stab unseen of the cruel foe—
Buy now a Liberty Bond.
'Twill courage give to the lad at the front,
When shells explode and bullets spurt;
To know that back home men have
sacrificed,

Have given until it really hurt—
Have bought a Liberty Bond.

For the sake of the mothers, who have sent
The light of their lives to France;

Who fear the knock of the postman gray;
Who dream by night of the fell mis-
chance—

Go, buy your Liberty Bond.

How the hearts of these mothers desolate—
The hearts of wives and sweethearts,
too— [that

Will be solaced and cheered, by knowing
A million of people, such as you,
Have bought a Liberty Bond.

For the sake of the children by your side,
For all the children yet to be;

Make sure that the light of Freedom shall
shine;

For them the joys of Liberty—
By buying a Liberty Bond.

For no monarch will rule o'er this fair land;
The star-spangled banner will wave;

If, e'er the sun sets, a million like you
Will firmly resolve to plan and save,
To buy a Liberty Bond.

L'AIGLONS

America has a grand old bird,
Whose screams the world has sometimes
heard,

And oft held in derision.
Of late he's been quite somnolent,
Though Germany to the bottom sent,
Our ships on peaceful mission.
But, as the score kept mounting higher,
It surely raised the old bird's ire;
And now, at last, he's spitting fire;
He's reached a stern decision.

Down from his crag so quiet,
To foreign shores he'll hie it,
Three thousand miles away.
He's called his flock together;
Regardless of the weather,
They're sailing every day.

And when they meet the Kaiser,
They'll knock his plans sky high, sir,
Old Bill will be some wiser;
There'll be the deuce to pay.

The Sammees are a-marching;
Their tongues may be a-parching;
 Their feet a little sore.
To them the job is something new;
They're not quite sure just what to do;
 They have to learn some more.
But every one's a fighter;
You couldn't find a piker;
And o'er the top they'll light, sir,
 With mighty whoop and roar.

They're in the fight to stay, sir;
They know it isn't play, sir;
 But that will cut no ice.
In air above, on land or sea,
Just where a soldier ought to be,
 You'll find them in a trice.
In battle grim, their grit will show;
And if they fall, you'll surely know,
They fell with face turned to the foe;—
 They proudly paid the price.

God bless our boys! Our soldier boys!
For them the prize, for them the joys
 Of victory we ask.

And though our hearts with pain are rent;
Though to the front our all we've sent
Our bitter grief we'll mask.
To ease their pains, to smooth their ways;
To cheer their hearts, to light their days;
To give them words of earnest praise;
This, this shall be our task.

MY MANCHILD

God gave to me a manchild,
A manchild fair to see.
The spirit came from God; but, oh!
Flesh of my flesh was he.

God asked of me my manchild,
To keep His people free;
To save for millions yet unborn,
The joys of Liberty.

'Twas then I knew Gethsemane;
I, too, sweat drops of blood;
But angels ministered to me—
I gave my child to God.

THESE MOTHERS! THESE WIVES!

While flags and banners bravely fly;
With blare of brass and crash of drums;
With heads erect, hearts beating high,
A-down the street our comp'ny comes.
'Midst plaudits of the multitude
Our men and boys go forth to war;
To save the world for pulchritude;
To fight the foe in fields afar.
These men; these boys.

Filled with the thought of duty done;
Flushed by the praises of their friends;
Thrilled with the hope of honors won—
They know they go for noble ends—
The pain of parting's soon forgot;
They scarce can wait to meet the foe—
Of trench and gas they do not wot—
With smiling face away they go.
These men; these boys.

But when they've passed, have passed away
The bravest of our people here?
Ah, No! Of those who with us stay,
Are heroines without a peer.

No blaring brass or rolling drums
To cheer them in the cause of Right;
The vacant chairs, the empty homes,
These are the foes for them to fight.
These mothers; these wives!

To dream at night of loved ones dear;
To see once more scenes of delight;
Converse with husband ever near;
See boy so cheery and so bright—
And then to wake, and know, alas!
That many waters roll between
Her and her loved one. Such nights pass.
Once and again repeats the scene.
These mothers; these wives!

To watch for postman, yet to fear,
When at long last his step is heard.
What are the news? What shall she hear?
Her soul with agony is stirred.
And yet, if postman passes by,
What's happened to her boy so bold?
Why does the loved one not reply?
Again her blood in dread runs cold.
These mothers; these wives!

For soldier boys they toil each day,
And oft into the wee, small hours
They knit, to keep dread cold at bay;
That cold which saps the soldier's powers.
And not alone for their own kin,
But also for the boys unknown;
E'en toil on Sabbath is no sin,
When toil is for the heroes gone.
These mothers; these wives.

God haste the day, when o'er the sea
These men and boys come back again.
Come back as victors, happily,
Because their work was not in vain.
When once again, with brass and drums,
Through multitudes along the street,
Our company a-marching comes,
And hastens home, with joy to greet
These mothers; these wives.

And if, perchance, it so should fall,
That to some mother, or some wife,
The dear one ne'er comes back at all;
The light has gone out of her life;

Still, it was good to have a man
To die for Right so gloriously;
And, better still, all in God's plan,
Some time that man once more to see.
These mothers; these wives.

FOR THEE

My country, 'tis to thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
To thee I give.
For thee my songs and cheers,
For thee my hopes and fears,
Through all the coming years,
For thee I live.

Since first our fathers wrought,
Since first with blood they bought
Sweet Liberty;
The hope of weak and strong,
Refuge for those who long
To flee from tyrant wrong,
Is found in thee.

For thee my every breath,
From early life to death,
 From earth to heaven.
For thee my every thought;
Thou hast my service bought;
My life with mercies fraught,
 In blessings given.

Though strong and fierce thy foes;
Though all the world oppose;
 Thou canst not fail.
The God of love and truth,
Who helped thee in thy youth,
Will save from hurt, forsooth;
 Right must prevail.

For thee, our Fathers died;
For thee, our sons in pride
 To battle go.
For thee, through shot and shell,
Through smoke and flames of hell,
With hearty cheer and yell,
 They meet the foe.

May fathers and brave sons,
While Time its journey runs,
 Serve with good will;
And, though our all is sent,
With grief our hearts are rent,
Though life itself is spent,
 We conquer still!

DADDY IS SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

I met a little tot one day,
So busily engaged in play
 She had no time for me.
I laid my hand upon her head,
And, smiling, unto her I said,
 “You’re daddy’s girl, I see,”
The pretty eyes were clouded, then;
 She gave a wistful glance;
“I’m daddy’s little girl; but, oh!
 Daddy is somewhere in France.”

“So long ago, one summer day,
He said ‘Good-bye,’ and went away
From mother, home and me.
I dream of him ‘most ev’ry night;
But, when I wake at morning light,
Daddy I do not see.
My mother says that some sweet day,
Around the room I’ll prance;
That Daddy will come back to me;
Back from somewhere in France.”

The fateful morning breaks at last;
The years of war will soon be past;
The deadly strife be o’er.
Up at the front, where shells fly thick,
Where one escapes, or death is quick,
Her Daddy fights once more.
The last shell flies from German gun.
Alas! The fell mischance!
A burst of flame; a fall, and then—
Daddy lies somewhere in France.

PIPES OF PEACE

No martial strains of brass and drums,
No dulcet tones of stringèd wood,
No song e'er wrote by mortal pen,
No rhapsody in joyous mood,
Seemed half so sweet as that which broke
On morning air, bade slumber cease;
And thrilled the wide, wide world around:--
The Pipes of Peace! The Pipes of Peace!

No more the murd'rous cannons roar;
No more the shriek of shot and shell;
No more the reek of deadly gas;
No more the messengers of hell.
From weary march, from loathsome trench,
Man finds at last a sweet surcease.
May walk erect and unafraid,
Since Pipes of Peace; since Pipes of
Peace!

No more shall mad, insensate Rage
Destroy the works of God and man;
Enslave, enchain, kill, crucify,
According to a fiendish plan.

Once more shall law and order reign,
For Right hath conquered over Might.
The Prussian Beast failed miserably
To win the world by "Schrecklichkeit."

No more shall Taubes of the air,
Likes birds of prey sweep through the
skies;
No more shall fatal bombs descend,
No more devouring flames arise.
No more shall monsters of the deep
The all-destroying dart release;
The Lusitania lies avenged:—
Hear Pipes of Peace; Hear Pipes of
Peace!

So in the years and years to come,
When eve draws nigh, when shadows
fade,
Man rests beside his cottage door
In calm content and unafraid.
He'll tell his children of The Day
When Liberty took a new lease
Of life, because 'twas then were heard
The Pipes of Peace! The Pipes of Peace!

FOR THIS, THESE DIED

To lift from out the mud and mire,
Where placed by German arrogance—
To hold aloft our country's flag;
To bear it on the fields of France;
To show, in spite of pacifist,
That, in a battle for the right,
The Yankee boys, though slow to wrath,
Were not a bit "too proud to fight"—
For this, these died.

The blood outpoured on Bunker Hill,
At Germantown, on Brandywine;
The sufferings of Valley Forge,
(Columbia! What glories thine!)
Were not in vain, since men like these
Sailed blithely o'er a dangerous sea;
In battle fierce met mighty foe
And won a glorious victory—
Although some died.

To put an end to tyrant's reign;
The ruling of autocracy;
To make this old, old world of ours
A safe place for Democracy.

No more shall accident of birth
 Make King of wise man or of fool.
To elevate the man of worth;
 Who most can serve, he best can rule—
 For this, these died.

No more shall child be crucified;
 Nor church of God be desecrate;
No more shall humble home be razed,
 Nor fertile field made desolate.
In peace and safety man shall live,
 To worship God and do the right;
Since armies of the three-hued flags
 Have put an end to "Schrecklichkeit."—
 For this, these died.

These died? Ah, No! They truly live
 Forever in the hearts of men!
So long as earth rolls 'round the sun,
 By word of mouth, or stroke of pen,
Will men unto their children tell
 How Yankee boys, from golden West,
At Belleau Wood, in the Argonne,
 Saved this old world for all that's best.—
 For this, these live.

They live? Ah, Yes! They truly live
Forever by the throne of God.
They lived to serve their fellow-men,
And sealed their service with their blood.
Who gives his life to save his friend,
Is said to show the greatest love;
But these, who died to save unknown,
Showed love all other loves above.—
For this they live! Forever live!

THE WAR IS O'ER

The war is o'er; the vict'ry's won;
The sons of light have vanished Hun.
No more the shriek of shot and shell;
No more the fiery blasts of hell.
From weary march, from loathesome
trench,
From deadly gas, from pois'nous stench,
Man finds at last a sweet surcease,
Since floats again the flag of Peace.

The boys who bravely crossed the main
Are gladly coming home again.
The boys? Ah, No! The gasping breath
Of struggle fierce, the walk with Death,
The terrors of the long, long night,
The awful charge in morning light,
Can not be told by tongue or pen—
These boys come to back us as men!

Come back, to take their place in life;—
The daily grind, the toil, the strife;—
Are on the job, and do their task:
A fair, square deal is all they ask.
But, with an eye of vision keen,
Discern the false, wherever seen;
And scorn to stoop to petty deed,
Though ne'er so great should be the need.

Be yours to take the foremost place;
Be yours to set the onward pace;
To show for Right the solid front
You showed when in the battle's brunt.
To aid the weak; to crush the wrong;
Be sober, vigilant and strong.
And ever join in all good work
For town of York! For town of York!

RICHARD ROE

With glowing eyes and blushing cheeks,
She culled the fragrant flowers so fair;
Arranged and grouped in bright array;—
Herself the sweetest flower there.
What tender words of love she breathed
Into the hearts of blossoms rare!
What welcome for the one so dear,
Now coming back from “over there.”

Then, frightened at her thoughts so bold—
Thoughts long within her bosom pent—
Without a token whence it came,
Her message on its way she sent
To banquet hall, where heroes bold
Were welcomed as the city’s guests;
Where song and speech and music swelled,
With joy supreme in manly breasts.

The Master of the Feast received
The floral gift, which met all eyes.
“For Richard Roe,” the legend said;
“Will Richard Roe now please arise?”

A silence that was felt ensued,
Until at last—oh, strange mischance—
A comrade said: “Poor Richard Roe
Lies now on bed of pain, in France.”

A murmured note of deep regret,
And misty eyes, at thought of pain
The maid would feel, when first she learned
Her meed of flowers was all in vain.
In vain? Ah, no! At sight of them
Each manly heart sensed Love’s warm
glow;
The world itself much brighter seemed
Because of flowers for Richard Roe.

* * * * *

On bed of pain, in sunny France,
A hero’s thoughts afar would roam;
’Till, suddenly, stood by his side,
The gentle maid he left back home!
Oh, who will say she was not there
To cheer his heart, to ease his woe!
True love would find a radiant way
From town of York to Richard Roe.

WHEN THE BOYS COME MARCHING HOME

There'll be joy on the streets of Manchester;

There'll be beat of cymbal and drum;
The men will cheer; the women will cry;
The children will shout, though they don't
know why; [goes by;
There'll be a lump in the throat as the flag
When the boys come marching home.

There will none be too old to greet the boys,
As down the street they come;
With heads erect, with eyes to the front;
With the look of men who have borne the
brunt;
Who know the meaning of a German hunt;
These boys come marching home.

How glad will the mothers be that day;
No more their boys will roam.

The lad who left us, a stripling, forsooth,
Has put away the things of youth;
He has seen his God; he has learned the
Truth;
A man comes marching home.

The hearts of the wives will be full that
day;
When, safe from across the foam,
With eyes so clear, with cheeks of tan;
With the look of him who does what he can
To right the wrong, to help fellow man;—
Such a man comes marching home.

There'll be blushing girls on the streets that
day;
When the conquerors of the world shall
come.
The lover who left her so long ago,
Has come back a hero, has vanquished the
foe!
Her lips, how they quiver! her eyes, how
they glow!
As her lover comes marching home.

Alas! for the slacker on the street that day!

For very shame his voice will be dumb.
He knows how with the truth he'd flirt;
He sure was afraid he might get hurt!
He'll really feel as mean as dirt,
When the boys come marching home.

And the woman or girl who wouldn't knit,
And work with fingers and thumb
To keep good and warm the boys over
there;
Who was too tired to do her share;
Will surely wish herself elsewhere,
When the boys come marching home.

So the man who never would buy a bond,
Nor of war stamps purchase a sum;
When he sees the boys who have humbled
the Hun, [have done,
And the women and girls who their duty
He'll be the most miserable man under the
sun—
When the boys come marching home.

Then, if you want to be happy that day,
When the boys come marching home;
Go down in your pockets and open your
purse;
Give thanks to the Lord that it isn't much
worse;
Help the world get rid of the German
curse;
And pray that that day may soon come.

Religious

*"Lord, give us grace our lives to live,
As best becomes the sons of God;"*

GOD'S TEMPLES

The myriad stars of varied hue,
That stud the vault of night;
They speak of worlds beyond our ken,
Of spacious infinite.
They tell us of Omnipotence;
Of power beyond compare;
The music of the spheres is theirs;—
God's temples are not there.

The boundless sea, whose waters lave
The encircling earth around;
The teeming commerce of a world
Upon its breast is found.
What secrets lie within its depths!
What lives and treasures rare!
Man cannot still one little wave—
God's temples are not there.

The tow'ring Himalayan peaks
Which pierce the clouds above;
Which stand unmoved by tempest shock;
Eternal as His love;
The gloomy shades of caverns deep,
Which know no sunlight fair;
Where eyeless monsters live and die;
God's temples are not there.

The great, majestic redwood groves,
Which in the Westland lie;
For centuries their mighty trees
Grow upward in the sky;
A garden fit for gods and men;
A scene of beauty fair;
No work of man compares therewith:—
God's temples are not there.

The modest church on yonder hill;
With heavenward-pointing spire;
The great cathedral in the town,
With transept, nave and choir;
These tell of man's devout desire
To build a house of prayer.
Their purpose good, but, in true sense,—
God's temples are not there.

God's temples are within the hearts
Of those who worship Him;
Who strive to play the better part,
Though faith and sight are dim.
The trusting child, the agèd sire,
The learnèd and the fool;
The rich, the poor;—He dwells with those
Who follow Golden Rule.

The heart that's filled with malice, greed;
With envy, lust or strife;
With many a dark and cruel deed
That mars another's life;
Where pride and passion reign supreme;
Where Self rules in his lair;—
How could we for a moment doubt?—
God's temples are not there.

To walk along life's weary way—
Nay, that is false ideal;
Life's way should never weary be,
If we strive for the real.
The opportunities so great
To serve our fellow man;
If seized upon and followed well,
Will show us how we can,

By doing good to others, drive
All weariness away;
And then we have His promise that
He'll come with us to stay.
A lowly and a contrite heart,
In full submission meek;—
This is the dwelling place of God;
The temple He doth seek.

So open the door of your temple,
And let the Savior in;
He'll keep you in the perfect way;
He'll drive away all sin.
Let nothing enter to defile,
Or sanctity to mar;
Let holiness and truth abide,
Since you God's temples are.

Abide with me, O, gracious Lord,
And make my life anew;
That in Thy service I may live,
And in Thy work be true.
No harm can ever me befall,
Protected by Thy grace;
And, after death, O, blessed thought,
I'll see Thee, face to face.

ENSLAVED

Enslaved by sin, in Error's chain,
I stumbled, fell, fell yet again;
To break my fetters tried in vain;—

There came a voice within:
“Although your sins as scarlet be;
My blood was shed for such as thee;
I'll set your soul at liberty,
And break the bonds of sin.”

In Doubting Castle's dungeons deep,
Where grim Despair doth vigil keep;
Where captive souls do mourn and weep,

I heard the Master say:
“O, fearsome one, why doubtest thou?
Arise! Behold thy Saviour now;
See piercèd side and thorn-scarred brow!”
My doubts were swept away.

A prisoner to care was I:
Afflictions, trials, poverty;
My need was great; no help was nigh;
Then came the Psalmist's word;

“The Lord, my Shepherd, leadeth me;
In pastures green He feedeth me;
From want and care He makes me free;
I rest me in the Lord.”

The way of sorrows now I tread,
With bleeding heart and bowèd head;
Some friend untrue; some loved one dead—
 My soul is sore distressed
The Father says: “O, weeping one!
Come, cast thy cross of sorrows down,
And rest thy weary head upon
 The Father’s loving breast.”

When passing through Death’s gloomy
 vale;
When lips grow cold and senses fail;
When human help cannot avail;—
 Deep waters o’er me roll.
This blessed promise comes to me:
“My rod and staff will comfort thee;
From earthly tabernacles free,
 Come, bide with me, O, soul.”

But, when my soul has passed away,
This flesh and blood, this house of clay,
A prisoner in the grave shall stay,
Till Time itself be o'er.

Then, at the trumpet's joyful sound,
No more with chains of Death I'm bound;
But with the ransomed I'll be found;
Free! Free forevermore!

EASTER MORN

Open ye the gates of the Sepulchre
So the conqueror come forth;
No more henceforth shall Death and Hell
Rule over all the earth.

Open ye the gates of the garden, now;
Judah cannot contain
The risen Lord. He goeth forth
O'er all the world to reign.

Open up the gates of the Temple, too;
The veil is rent in twain;
God and man are reconciled.
The cross was not in vain.

Open up, ye skies! Let the King come in!
The King, triumphant crowned,
Hark, how angelic choirs sing!
How hallelujahs sound!

Open up your hearts, ye sons of men,
And let the Savior in.
He'll turn your darkness into day;
He'll drive away all sin.

Lift high your voices, for lo! the King
Transcendent joy assures.
For Death has lost its fatal sting;
Eternity is yours.

THE CROSSING

At last they reached the river's brink;
The sullen stream that rolled between
The desert they had traveled long
And bright and fair and wondrous scene.

Had traveled long? Ah, of that host,
But two alone knew other lands;
But two had lived long years ago,
When, at offended God's commands,

That river's shores were lost to view;
That scene of hill and valley fair,
The land from whence their fathers came,
The Promised Land, the children's share,

Was left behind; and, back and forth
Through trackless wastes, 'neath burn-
ing sun,
Where water failed, where foes harassed,
They wandered, till the years were run;

Till, of the host that doubted God—
Through fear of Philistines refrained
From going forward at His word,—
Of all that host, no soul remained.

What memories filled adult minds,
Of wanderings of forty years
Through wilderness and desert plain,
As punishment for fathers' fears;

How Korah and his company
Were swallowed up by hungry earth,
Because they murmured and rebelled,
To thoughts of mutiny gave birth;

Of fatal plague, because of sin;
Of serpents fierce, with deadly bite;
Of brazen serpent, held aloft,
That he who looked might have respite;

Of water from the riven rock;
Of daily manna, sent from heaven;
Of guiding pillar, fiery cloud;
Of all the blessings, freely given.

Till victory o'er giants great,
O'er Gileadite and Amorite,
Had conquered doubt, dispelled all fear,
Gave confidence in God of Right.

And now, the lands for Reuben won,
Were foretaste of far fairer lands;
They lusted for their fathers' home,
And only waited God's commands

To cross the narrow, turbid stream
That lay between them and new home;
To take the valley and the mount,
Into their own lands fully come.

So, when the mystic ark went down,
And feet of those who bore it forth
Were wet by waters of the stream,
Behold, the waters from the North

Stayed in their flow, nor flowed again,
Till all that host, on Eastern shore,
Had seen their dearest wish fulfilled,
Had safely crossed the Jordan o'er.

No timid soul stood on the brink,
Or feared to cross the mystic stream;
But eagerly they forward press
To bask in Canaan's sunny gleam.

The weary march is of the past;
Forgotten, then, the toils and fears;
They've reached the Promised Land at last,
And God shall wipe away all tears.

* * * * *

We're travelling through a varied land
Of fertile plains, of barren waste;
Our joys and sorrows interplay,
They follow, in unseeming haste.

Some journey long; some but few years;
But to us all there comes the day
When Canaan's land before us lies;
When here we may no longer stay.

For all of us, a Jordan rolls
Between us and our dearest hopes;
We know that land of corn and wine
Awaits us on the farther slopes.

No giants there to dispossess;
No cities to be overcome;
For One hath gained the victory;
For us there waits a blessed home.

And yet, we linger on the brink:
Are loth to pass to further side;
To leave the state of doubt and fears
And go where joys fore'er abide.

Lord, give us grace our lives to live
As best becomes the sons of God;
So, when we reach the river's brink,
We shall not fear the swelling flood;

But, with the courage of the Soul
That knows on Whom its trust is stayed,
With confidence we gird our loins,
And boldly enter, unafeard.

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH

The day was almost spent. Once more
The sun was sinking in the West;
An orb of hue so fiery red,
Whose absence gave a sense of rest.

For lo, these many months, no cloud
Appeared in yonder brazen sky;
The fountains of the deep were sealed;
The little brooks and streams were dry;
The harvest failed; the stores were low;
Gaunt famine stalked throughout the
land; [parched;
The limbs grew weak; the tongue was
Want and disease walked hand-in-hand.

At night came dreams of feasts so rare;
Of meats and grain, of oil and wine;
Of tables groaning 'neath their load;
No cry of want, no hunger's whine;
And then to wake, and feel the pangs
Of appetite and thirst, and know
'Twas but a freak of tortured mind.
"O, Lord, why must we suffer so?"

A widow lone, save for a child,
Went forth, at close of burning day,
To gather fuel to make the meal,
Once more the cruel hunger stay.

Once more, but only once, because
Of barrel of meal a handful now;
Of oil, a little in a cruse,
Was all the food that she could show.

Then, while she stooped for two small
sticks,
Behold! There came, along the road,
A man of foreign race, no doubt;
Not one who in the town abode;

And said: "I pray thee, give to me
A little water, so it slake
My burning thirst," and, as she went,
"And bring to me a little cake."

At this, her mother heart arose,
At thought of child who, at the home,
Was waiting for the final meal,
And hoping mother soon would come:

“ ’Tis but a bit of oil and meal
I have to give my boy and I;
That once again we two shall eat,
And then, together, we will die.”

“Fear not,” in words of tender tone,
Yet filled with much authority,
The stranger said. “Go, make your cake,
But bring the first of it to me.

“For barrel of meal shall never waste,
And cruse of oil shall never fail,
Till God ope fountains of the deep,
And sound of rain men’s ears assail.”

What test of faith and confidence
In man, to her before unknown,
To take to him the meal and oil
That was to feed her and her own!

The faith supreme this woman showed,
In after years had full reward:
The Man of God, whose wants she filled,
That son of hers to life restored.

Dost think it strange, that deeds like this
Should meet such compensation sweet?
No bread upon the waters cast,
But hundred-fold doth giver greet.

We need not wait for prophets great
On whom to give beneficence;
The humblest stranger in the way
Is still child of Omnipotence.

And, in the Day of Reckoning,
The Master says, so graciously,
“This, given to the least of these,
My own, was given unto Me.”

THE ASSYRIAN

“The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold;”

With his thousands of chariots and horsemen so bold;

With clashing of cymbals and beating of drums;—

Fly, Judah! like chaff, when the summer wind comes!

Like sands on the seashore; like leaves on the trees,

Swinging hither and thither in each passing breeze;

In cohorts unnumbered, like stars in the sky;—

Woe! woe! to the people! The Assyrian is nigh!

They filled ev’ry valley, they held ev’ry crest;

They ’compassed the city, North! South! East and West!

An army triumphant, that never knew fear. Alas! for the city! The Assyrian is here!

“Where, where is Jehovah, in Whom is your trust?

His power today shall be laid in the dust.
The gods of all nations have failed them in need;

Why then to Jehovah, should Assyria take heed.”

They laughed at the city; derided its wall;
And spoke of the plunder when that wall should fall.

So loud was their boasting, that faint heart did cry:

“O, Lord, wilt Thou now let Thy servants to die?”

The king from his throne, and Amoz’ great son,

Cried unto Jehovah to rescue his own:

“Unless Thou dost save us, we perish and die. [nigh.]

If Thou wilt not help us, then no help is

From His throne in the heavens Jehovah drew near. [ear.

To the cry of His people He bent willing

Sennacherib's boast reached up to the sky:
In answer thereto, God's angel passed by.

Like the mist of the morning, when sun
mounts on high;
Like castles of sand, when the waves have
rolled by;
Like trav'lers in desert, after simoon so
hot;
The army has vanished; the Assyrian is
not!

Sound forth the loud cymbal! Exultingly
sing!
Jerusalem liveth! Jehovah is King!
The horsemen and chariots are all over-
thrown!
Hosanna! Hosanna! The Assyrian is gone!

* * * * *

In times of temptation, when passion
assails;
When Sin is alluring, when righteousness
fails;

When Conscience is stilled, because we
won't hear;—
Alas for the Soul! The Assyrian is near!

When Fortune's fair smiles bid my soul
take its ease;
When follies of this world strive daily to
please;
When I pay no more heed to Lazarus' cry;—
My soul is besieged; The Assyrian is by!

When trials and afflictions encompass me
sore;
When Faith groweth dim and Hope's al-
most o'er;
When God seemeth far; Destruction so
near;
Woe! Woe! To my Soul! The Assyrian
is here!

Then, then to my God let me earnestly cry;
"Save Lord, or I perish! O, let me not die!"
He'll hear my petition; He saveth His
own;—
Hosanna! Hosanna! The Assyrian is
gone!

THE BLESSED LIGHT

The scales of sin mine eyes enclosed;
The lust of flesh, the pride of life;
The paths that lead to gates of hell
Were trod by me in daily strife.
The ruddy glare of wine-cup's lure,
Where manhood sinks deep in the mire;
Where truth and honor all are lost,
And naught is good save base desire.

*The Light of God was shed on me;
I once was blind, but now I see.*

In cloak of self I walked abroad;
In highly moral pride my ways.
No sinner I; a Pharisee,
Who kept the Law from early days.
For weaker man I felt contempt;
Exemplar I for growing youth.
No need for sacrifice or prayer;
Mine was the Way, the Life, the Truth.

*The World's True Light, when turned on me,
Showed model of hypocrisy.*

The Via Dolorosa, I

Now tread with heavy laden feet
And aching heart. I find my path
With sorrow's cruel thorns replete.
But, when this mortal flesh grows faint,
And Soul cries out, "O, Lord, how long!"
The words of promise comfort me:
"I once was weak, but now am strong."

*The Blessed Light helps me to see:
He chast'neith, for He loveth me.*

In humble mood, I seek to serve
My fellow man, from day to day.
To wrong no one, to love the Truth;
To warn against the downward way.
O, Lord, forgive my daily sins,
And pardon all my thoughtless care;
Help me, from morn to setting sun,
Some good to do. This is my prayer!

*O, Heavenly Light, that shines on me;
May I a light for others be.*

ON MY WAY

As I go to Jerusalem,
And toil, from day to day;
Is there one heart to gladly strew
Palm branches on my way?

Have I e'er won, by kindly thought,
By loving word or deed,
A sympathetic soul, to cheer
Me in the hour of need,

I cannot make the stones cry out
And glad hosannas raise;
The birds along the path to chirp
Their joyous hymns of praise.

So if no soul give thought to me;
No deed, no word, no smile;
Then have my days unfruitful been,
My journey not worth while.

For self alone I must have lived,
And wasted every day,
If there is none to strew for me
Palm branches on my way.

And, when I reach the journey's end,
This shall my sentence be:
"Since none of mine you've ever served,
You never have served Me."

STEPHEN AND SAUL

Outside the walls of the city so old,
Has gathered a mob who roughly enfold
A young man so brave, whose countenance
fair,
Shone with a new light of beauty so rare.

'Twas the light of prophet, of one whose
eyes [through the skies;
Have pierced through the veil, see far
Past planets and suns, to spaces unknown,
Where sitteth Jehovah, serene on His
throne.

With courage undaunted, though full well
knew he

'Twas death to tell them the things he did
see:

"I see Jesus of Nazareth, whom ye crucified,
Standing there, in His glory, at God's right
side."

A fierce wave of anger arose from the
crowd;

They closed their ears and shouted aloud;
They stoned the victim, who fell on his
knees,

And prayed for forgiveness for such men
as these.

O, marvelous love! 'Twould make angels
weep!

With words of forgiveness he soon "fell
asleep."

And, from seeing Jesus by vision of Grace,
Passed into His Presence, and saw, face to
face.

The sight, quite sufficient to make angels
weep,

Made deepest impression on one who would
keep

The clothing of those who cast the first
stone;
He could not forget the courage just shown.

To stifle the voice of Conscience that rose,
He looked on disciples as national foes.
In zeal for the Law, by night and by day,
He harried the people who walked in the
Way.

No woman so feeble, no man e'er so brave,
No feeling of pity could one of them save;
And, when in the city their number grew
few,
He'd go to Damascus his fell work to do.

O, road to Damascus! Most wonderful
stage,
On which was enacted the Play of the Age!
The actors were few; the action was bold;
But finale of story can never be told.

The Saul of Tarsus a convert became.
As Paul, the Apostle, he carried His name
Through Asia and Europe, where'er he
might be,
To where tawny Tiber rolls down to the sea.

In words of conviction, by tongue and by pen,
He preached the new gospel to all sons of men;
To Jew and to Gentile, who e'er would receive,
Salvation through Jesus to all who believe.

* * * *

For each drop of blood by brave Stephen shed,
A legion of men are saved from the dead;
For each throb of anguish pervading his frame,
A million believers now call on His name.

Though sin be forgiven, the cost must be borne;
The fruit of the tare is as sure as the corn.
The pain and torment of Stephen, the Bold,
Were suffered by Paul more than hundred-fold.

At Weber's Dinner

*"Here at Weber's dinner,
Be you saint or sinner,
You will find a hand outstretched to welcome you."*

1918

WE WILL CROSS THE OCEAN WAVE.

(Air: "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are
marching.")

Have you read the ghastly tale?
Did you hear poor Belgium's wail
As the cruel German hordes were passing
through?
Oh, the land so desolate!
Oh, the women's awful fate!
Is there not a work for each of us to do?

"The Spires of Metz," ante 51, had its first reading at this
Dinner.

Yes; yes; yes; The boys are marching;
See our comrades falling in.

We will cross the ocean wave;
We will fight the world to save;
And we'll chase the Kaiser back to old
Berlin.

See the British and the French
And Italians in the trench,
Or in gallant charge upon the open field.
They are fighting day and night,
They are bleeding 'till they're white;
Shall we let them fight until they're forced
to yield?

No; no; no; etc.

Which of us can e'er forget
That young hero, Lafayette,
And the Frenchman brave who crossed
with him the sea?
'Twould be base ingratitude
(And this is no platitude)
If we fail the men who helped to make us
free.

No; no; no; etc.

By the shades of Washington!
There's a duty to be done,
If we would not lose our blessed heritage.
We must fight 'neath triple hue
Of the red and white and blue;
And we'll drive the blooming Kaiser off the
stage.

Tramp; tramp; tramp; etc.

Sing "My Country, 'tis of thee!"
Then sit still and quietly
See your nearest friends enlisting for the
fight?
If there's red blood in your veins;
If you'd wipe away all stains;
Come and join the mighty army of the
Right.

Come; come; come; etc.

1919

COMING HOME AGAIN

Have you heard the joyful news
How the Yankees crossed the Meuse?
And are busy keeping "Watch Along the
Rhine?"
When they had a chance to fight,
They sailed in with all their might,
And their work made boaster Ludendorff
resign.

CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
They are coming home again.
They have crossed the ocean wave;
They have fought the world to save;
And they chased the Kaiser out of old
Berlin.

Near the famous French chateau,
Where the lads were told to go
And hold back the Brandenburgers for
awhile;
When the order came "Retreat,"
They said "Hellno," and they beat
Off the Dutch and drove them backward
o'er a mile.

See their work at St. Mihiel,
Where they made the Fritzies ill,
In the way which they the salient overran;
Then they pushed through Argonne wood
Like the Yankees only could,
And the war was quickly won at old Sedan.

So it's "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah,"
For the boys who won the war,
And who now are gladly coming home
again.
They have surely shown the stuff,
And we can not do enough
For the boys who proved our flag is not in
vain.

SOMEWHAT PEDANTIC

For several years I have been striving
To furnish entertainment here;
To somewhat lighten the heavy, set
speeches;
To temper sobriety with good cheer.

It doesn't strike me as much of a role,
To play the droll part of a clown;
To act as a foil for layman and priest,
Who try to cram some home truths down.

When stomachs like ours are filled to re-
pletion
With bount'ous fare as here is found;
The brain gets befogged, and scarcely re-
ceives
A discourse on morals, though sound.

So, to keep you free from indigestion;
Or weight of overburdened brain;
I've tried to bring you a wee bit of humor;
I trust my efforts have not been in vain.

But the other day I heard a preacher—
In fact, a college President—
Say the only thing we'd take to heaven
(Of which I'd fain be resident)

Is the education we here acquire!
I 'spect he's tooting for his school.
If a test like that is what they require,
I surely will look just like a fool.

If Trig. and Physics, Latin and Greek,
Are needed to get a halo there,
I'll certainly look like Lady Godiva,
Without a blessed thing to wear.

Nay, my condition will be more ser'ous,
For she had hair to act as veil;
While hair, as you know, is not my long
suit;
So on this test I'd really fail.

Well, it's quite too late for me to begin;
For me the die has long been cast;
But for you the door still is open wide;
The day of grace is not yet past.

So I wish to give you a list of tutors,
Who'll fix you up in modern style.
If you thoroughly follow their instructions,
You'll get a halo well worth while.

If you'd like to linger longer in this earthly
vale of tears
To take in the Weber dinners with the pass-
ing of the years:
Avoid Cystitis and Neuritis, likewise En-
docarditis,
Pyaemia, Anaemia and Spinal Meningitis,
Beware Angina-Pectoris and dangerous
Phrenitis,
Peritonitis, Pharyngitis, Pericarditis and
Myelitis.
Keep coolitis, don't get excitis and when
you feel too bad,
Just call in Dr. Emerson, he's the best one
to be had.

The lawyers, like the doctors, have a lan-
guage all alone,
To speak plain Anglo-Saxon, is infra dig,
I own.

So its scire facias, levari facias, capias ad respondendum,
Fieri facias, habaere facias, habendum et tenendum.
Non est inventus, praecipe, nil de bene esse,
Nisi prius, caveat emptor, looke sharp un nix forgesse,
Habeas corpus, duces tecum, de minimus non curat lex,
If this is deep ask Charlie May, he'll only charge an X.

When traveling through our county old,
have you e'er observed the soil?
The loam and clay, the silt and shale, in
which our farmers toil.
The rocks of Pre-Silurian or Sub-Devonian
age,
When Syringaporis Hisingeri held the cen-
ter of the stage.
Or perhaps you found a Dinosaur or a
Diplodocus strong,
Or an Anchisaurus colurus, entombed for
aeons long,

In geosynclinic dolomite or amygdaloidal rock.

Now if this is too deep for you consult Road Viewer Stock.

The New United Lutheran Church, a month or two ago,

Had a convention to elect the Boss of the whole show.

The Primacy of the new See is quite a lofty place;

There were a score of candidates all entered for the race.

Two Dutchmen from York County played a game both bold and wise,

And when the votes were counted they had carried off the prize.

When you want to round up delegates and do it neat and slick.

George Neff and Doctor Weber are the boys to turn the trick.

When speaking of United Church perhaps your soul doth fret,

Because the Church of Jesus Christ is so divided yet;

But when you think of creeds and faiths, of
'ologies and isms,
Of Orthodox and heterodox, of heresies and
schisms;
Armenian and Calvinist and blue Predesti-
nation;
Sacrament and Eucharist and Transub-
stantiation;
Original and Acquired Sin, the Tempter
and the Fall—
Oh, spend a week with Dominie, and he'll
explain it all.

A lack-a-day, the time draws nigh, when
thirsty soul must faint,
When $H^2O + CO^2$ must answer all com-
plaint.

The man who took C^2H^5 with H^2O ad lib;
Can't get complaisant doctors to write for
him a fib.

$C^{12} H^{22} O^{11} C^2 H^2O$.

Must give away to aqua vin: it's really got
to go.

Now if you cannot grasp this all, are not
sure what is meant, [dent.

Just ask the 'cyclopedia, our College Presi-

1920

AT WEBER'S DINNER

There's a long, long trail a-winding
To the club house by the road;
Where the lights are brightly shining,
And the table bears a load
Of the good things there provided
For the inner man's delight;
And we're glad to have you with us
On this February night.

Chorus:

Here at Weber's dinner,
Be you saint or sinner,
You will find a hand outstretched to wel-
come you.
You will get a greeting
From a jolly meeting
Of some men of good old York who are
brave and true.

Here's the President of College,
Prince of Toastmasters is he;
And a treasure house of knowledge,
Depths of great profundity.
There beside him sit the preachers,
Full of solemn dignity;
But when they see the turkey
They're as jolly as can be.—Chorus.

Here are men of every station,
Men who work with hands and brains;
If you ever try to "do" them,
You've your labor for your pains.
You can search the city over,
Search from morn till evening falls;
You'll not find a greater-hearted set
Than the men of old St. Paul's.—Chorus.

But the Host of all, Herr Weber,
With his vast, expansive smile;
He is always taking measures
Cares of others to beguile.
Earthly honors pass unheeded,
Love to neighbor counts alone;
And that day's considered lost, which
Sees no deed of kindness done.—Chorus.

There's a short, short trail a-winding
To a church on Beaver street,
Where our host would be delighted
Every one of us to greet.
If you have enjoyed this dinner;
If you're built upon the square;
Won't you step around, next Sunday?
Don't you think that would be fair?

Chorus

Come to Weber's class-room,
It may prove a pass-room
To a knowledge of the things that are well
worth while.
You will find a welcome,
And our host will tell some
Of the truths which comfort bring in the
hour of trial.

PRELUDE

“Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious Summer by this son of
York;”

Who, not to the manor born,
Is yet no stranger in our midst; [benign,
But, by his courteous ways and smile
Hath stolen all our hearts, until no one
Who knows him but is proud to say:
“He is a gentleman and a friend of mine.”
His mother, years ago, with prescience rare,
Saw her son in bishop’s robes arrayed;
And, though to her, “H. H.” he stayed,
“His Holiness” serenely fits his air.

The ladies, though, were not so slow,
To them he e’er was “Handsome Harry;”
And, since Time’s touch has been quite
chary,

Who dares to say it is not so.
But, on this anniversary night,
We know him as our “Happy Host;”
His thought for us is all our boast,
His kind provision our delight.
Provisions! Their flavor lingers yet.
Which one of us will Turk forget!

A TURKEY SONG

A song for the Turk; the York County
Turk.

America's delicacy.

Of all the products of the farm
The most toothsome product is he.

Like his namesake on the Dardanelles,
He has a harem all his own.
He lords it over a dozen wives,
While we are lorded by one.

He leads his flock through field and wood
In search of grub and grain;
And when the shades of evening fall
He leads them home again.

He travels the neighborhood afar
His sustenance to get;
But, like the Prohibitionist,
He doesn't like the wet.

His raucous voice the echoes wakes
In accents loud and shrill;
He sings his song most cheerfully,
But its pleasing effect is nil.

With lordly mien and haughty crest,
With visage fiery red,
He struts among the barnyard fowl
With calm, majestic tread.

Some prate about his plumage fair,
And some, how well he's bred;
These points will tell; but, as for me,
I like him best when dead.

When brought in on a platter high
And placed upon the board,
My palate tickles in expectancy
Of the pleasure he'll afford.

Oysters, entrees, soup and fish,
In each doth flavor lurk;
But the "ueber alles" of the feast
Is a good York County Turk.

Salads, ices, patties and cakes,
All rich enconiums earn;
But the turkey, when he's roasted brown,
Is good from stem to stern.

Some clamor for the liver wing,
And some for second joint;
But when I'm asked which I prefer,
It's to the bosom I point.

So as I sit and eat my fill,
With a will, a vigor and vim;
The cares of life all fade away;
My cup is full to the brim.

And I dream of the great hereafter,
Where life is all serene;
Where turkeys grow on every tree,
With stuffing in between.

Here's a toast for the Turk, the York
County Turk;
Long may his tribe increase.
The Eastern question's solved for me
When Turkey appears in Greece.

INTERLUDE

But' men and brethren, I would not have
you think
'Tis all of life to eat and drink.

If such a fate were mine,
I'd surely like to have
The stomach of an elephant
Or neck of a giraffe.

Or, I'd be a bird like "the pelican
Whose beak will hold more than his bellican.
He can put in his beak
Food to last him a week;
I wonder how the hellican."

To the man who is something more than
beast,
The eating part is but the least.
The words of wisdom, grave and gay;
The merry jest drives care away.
The voice of song, the hearty laughter,
They leave no sting for the morning after.

Here in this goodly company,
Men of every walk we see.

Where, within the city walls,
Can men be found like old Saint Paul's.
Knights and esquires, titles galore;
Some wear them after and some before.

In days of old,
When knights were bold,
To be a knight meant much.
But, in our day,
There's an easier way:
Tom Shipley throws in the clutch,
The wheels go around,
There's a golden sound,
And lo! A knight is made!
Your blood's changed hue
From red to blue,
At the fall of Shipley's blade!

Doctors and Esquires
(These last are the lawyers)
A. M.'s, C. E.'s and Ph. D.'s,
All had to work,
(They could not shirk)
To win their prized degrees.
While as for the rest of us,
(Some of the best of us),

Have no handle to our name.
But for grace and beauty,
And doing of duty,
We get there just the same.

Last, but not least,
Here sit the priests,
With a stern, ascetic air.
Their deep set eyes
Pierce all disguise;
Their figures are rather spare.
With minds intent
They'll put a dent
In an unseemly rhyme;
But then I know
That, down below,
They're good sports, all the time.

A minister's lot
I assure you, is not
One long vacation season.
They're called upon
By every one,
Quite often without a reason,
Strangers to meet,
Friends to greet,
Church fairs, sociables and so on.

Weddings so merry,
Mortals to bury;
(*De mortuis, nil nisi bonum*);
But, more than one day,
'Tis on a Sunday,
His troubles their climax reach.
No error make,
There's much at stake,
When a minister gets up to preach.
The story old
Must still be told
To please both saint and sinner.
Just on the level—
It beats the devil—
If he please them both, he's a winner.

THE MINISTER'S LAMENT

The minister sat in his easy chair
And thrust his fingers through his hair,
In search of ideas new.
And, as he searched, his musings ran:
"I've told them of the Fall of Man;
Explained the great Atonement Plan;
Dissected it through and through.

“Analyzed Commandments Ten,
Duty to God, love to men;
Preached the Sermon on the Mount.
Quoted the Fathers from Augustine down,
And modern writers of great renown;
Poets like Shakespeare, Milton and Brown-
ing and others of less account.

“Talked on the topics of the day;
The newest book, the latest play;
Been a regular bulletin.
With fire and brimstone their souls I’ve
scourged;
Fruits meet for repentance have often
urged;
Declared they all must be fully purged
From secret and open sin.

“I’ve painted the joys supernal
That await, in a life eternal,
All those who the faith shall keep.
Have preached on justification,
The need of regeneration,
E’en touched on Predestination,
And yet—and yet—some sleep.

“But, when I think of him who slept
And fell from a window, whence he had
crept

To listen to the Seer;
If all the learning of his day
Could not the arms of Morpheus stay,
Why murmur I, though some might say,
A greater than Paul is here.”

The minister heard a noise outside,
And, looking through the window, spied
A sight not often seen.

A raggedy man, in unkempt clothes,
Bleary eyes, suspicious nose,
Beard that need of a barber shows,
And hands not overly clean—

Had stooped to place upon her feet
A child who had fallen in the street,
And loud her plight was voicing;
He brushed her clothes, dried her tears,
Soothed her sorrows, allayed her fears;
And soon this child of tender years
Went on her way rejoicing.

The minister turned, electrified,
Banged a typewriter by his side,
In a manner good to see.

The text rang out, as from golden keys,
The essence of all theologies;
"Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these
Ye did it unto Me."

The sermon finished, with a little prayer
He sank back in his easy chair,

And to himself he said:
"I surely think that this will take,
A good impression it ought to make;
If any sleep, they would not wake
Though Moses came back from the dead."

Do you want a moral for this poem?
A little thought to take along home?

You can pick it out yourself.
The concrete things which reach the heart,
Which make one do the better part,
And serve his neighbor. That is the art
Which will keep you off the shelf.

1921

SCREAMS

The new-born babe, with its very first
breath,
Most lustily will yell;
Because of natural appetite
Or to raise a little—Well,
Its lungs, a pair of bellows new,
Out of all proportion seem,
Compared to its body, for oh, dear me!
It will scream, and scream and scream.

And as it grows, its power for noise
Abates in no degree;
All children should be seen and heard,
Is now the way, you see.
In weal or woe, from break of morn
Till when the street lights beam,
And curfew's mighty whistles blow,
They scream, and scream and scream.

So, when the brook and river meet,
The maiden knows her wants;
She seeks her mate; like goddess old,
Her chosen prey she haunts.
Her parted lips, her glowing cheeks,
Her sparkling eyes that gleam;
Her very clothes, or lack of them,
They scream, and scream and scream.

Then, when the victim's caught at last,
Enmeshed by marriage cords;
She keeps him on the tenter hooks
By never-ending words.
And now that she has gained the vote,
Dominion endless seems;
E'en single man must kiss the rod,
Although he screams and screams.

Doc. Emerson, the chiropath,
For drugs he has no use;
He cracks your bones and pulls your joints,
'Till every joint is loose.
He presses, pulls and operates,
Quite oft the patient squeams;
And so it is not strange that Doc.,
For patient patients screams.

Sam Ruby talks about his coal;
How hard it is to turn
The orders out, but buyer finds
It's harder yet to burn.
And when you talk about the price,
His eyes with anger gleam;
"You didn't have to buy my coal,"
He'll scream and scream and scream.

George Leber handles a lot of cash,
Steen-steen thousand a day;
He says that he would be content
With one per cent. as pay.
The cost of living still is up—
The girls come high, it seems;
So for a raise in salary
He screams and screams and screams.

Mc. Stock is a many-sided man,
As you can readily see;
Road viewer, lawyer, agriculturist;
An expert in all three.
But he also has another job,
Which worries him in his dreams;
To keep the city council right
He screams and schemes and screams.

George Neff needs our indulgence now,
His stomach's on the bum;
But when he's feeling chipper, quite,
He surely makes things hum.
He pleads the cause of the Orphans' Home;
He has a noble theme.
Success to his endeavors all;
So scream, dear George, oh, scream.

Doc. Weber has a work to do—
Build up the Lutheran church,
And place the Zion to us dear,
Upon the highest perch.
The job is worthy of the man;
He'll have to plan and scheme;
But he can do it, if any one can.
For you, dear Doc., we'll scream.

The President; Oh, the President!
He was a little daft
With the thought he was the only man
A covenant could draft.
But when the Senate turned him down,
His eyes with anger gleamed.
“We'll hang and quarter traitors all,”
He screamed and screamed and screamed.

“We'll have a referendum great;
The people shall decide.
I represent America,”
In accents loud he cried.
The issue joined, election day;
The tale one-sided seemed;
The people, quite unanimous,
They screamed, oh, how they screamed.

This President?* Oh, this President
Is quite another man.
Smooth as his dome, so debonair;
He has a different plan.
In diplomatic ways he'll pry
From you your dollars and cents.
And on the plea of altruism
He'll scream for intelligence.

Just inter nos, I want to say:
You have the proper vision;
The Germans must be held in a
Complete state of submission.
You can not trust them further than
You can throw a bull by the tail;
So keep on guard, professor, though
They wail and wail and wail.

*Dr. C. H. Ehrenfeld, President York Collegiate Institute.

But, when his soul to wrath is stirred
By German propaganda;
When some one twists the lion's tail,
He's just the chap to land a
Good blow right on the solar plex.
He holds in high esteem
All those who battled by our side;
For them he'll scream and scream.

So all of us our hobbies have;
We ride them every day,
And most of us work hardest at
The things that little pay.
My hobby comes in various shapes;
Is held in high esteem
By all of us, so 'tis not strange
I scream for good ice cream.

I have a very loving wife,
As loving as can be;
She's sure it is her work in life
To take good care of me.
So if there are spots upon my coat,
My hair dishevelled seems,
These things do surely get her goat;
She screams, oh, how she screams.

A truce to this idle jesting;
It may serve a little while,
To drive away the frown of care,
To bring a pleasant smile.
But life has nobler purposes,
And holds a higher theme;
And ere I close, it is on those
I'd scream and scream and scream.

We're here but for a season brief;
Time flies a rapid pace;
It's up to us to make it count;
To carve ourselves a place.
So that our thoughts and words and deeds
May win for us esteem;
So what we do for fellow man
May scream and scream and scream.

We cannot sit with folded hands
And let the tide go by;
We must improve our every chance,
Nor let the moments fly
Which might have saved immortal soul,
A wreck upon life's stream;
For every failure to do good
'Gainst us will scream and scream.

It seems to me omission's sins
Are those of deepest hue.
The things we do this merit have:
It takes a man to do.
A lump of clay, a clod of earth,
Is what a slacker seems.
And in the day of reckoning,
"Do nothing" screams and screams.

The world needs men of action now;
It needs the women, too;
Great issues crowd around us, fast;
There's work for all to do.
The open shop, the way of peace;
To keep dammed up the stream
The "wets" would force upon us all;
They scream, oh, how they scream.

To strengthen the hands of God's people
To keep the wicked down;
'Till they show fruit meet for repentance;
'Till on "schrecklichkeit" they frown.
No namby-pamby indulgence
If of wrong there's any gleam;
So long as they worship their idols,
Make them scream and scream and
scream.

Then up with the flag of endeavor!
On with the banner of light!
Always and ever and ever
In the struggle for the right.
The world has naught for the slacker;
Holds cowards in light esteem;
But honors the brave and industrious
Who scream and scream and scream.

What though the path be hidden;
The way seems dark and drear.
In the souls of earth's great heroes
Lies no such word as fear.
The hurdles and hazards in the course
Will vanish as a dream;
Like mist before the morning sun.
Then scream and scream and scream.

And when the sun sinks in the West;
When evening shadows wane;
Think not that life for thee is past
Thy work has been in vain.
Ah, no! 'Tis but to step across
The Jordan's mystic stream:
And, in the New Jerusalem
To scream and scream and scream.

There every deed of thoughtfulness,
Of love for others shown;
The kindly word, the modest gift,
Though known to thee alone;
The little things that trifling seemed
And held in light esteem;
Will roll in diapason tones;
For you they'll scream and scream.

Nay, e'en the Master there will come
And say, with loving smile:
"The cooling cup to thirsty one;
The kind word once a while;
The helping hand, the fullest trust
That will no evil see;—
Though given to the least of these,
Were given unto Me."

PERSONALS

Bill Miller and his son-in-law
Are quite a funny pair;
Bill's always busy asking folks
More of his shoes to wear;
While Joe says we all walk too much.
How can we ever please
Two men of such contrary views
And diverse minds as these.

Harry McNeal and George Rudy,
They run the 'phones we use;
And, not so long ago, they tried
To put a tax on news.
The Public Service knocked them out;
But they were never fazed;
Instead of raising tolls, 'twas then
The monthly rates they raised.

Carl Witmer and young Beitzel, too,
Are financiers of note;

They're taking money all day long,
Just as a thing of rote.

In other ways these two agree;
They both are fond of sports.
For Carl doth play piano forte,
And Will on tennis courts.

In making ropes, Joe Radcliffe spent
The greater part of life;
He's quite expert at being tied,
He has his second wife.
Bob Fluhrer, he should lessons take;
Of wives, he hasn't one.
Some people get more than their share,
While others, they get none.

Charles Craumer's busy all the day
In making wheels go 'round;
If there's some dirt within the works,
He'll find it, I'll be bound.
While Rochow runs the wheels of Court,
And shoots the pris'ners through.
If any get away from him,
Depend on it, they're few.

You can't depend on names to show
 What kind of men you'll find;
The only garden Gardner works,
 Is garden of the mind.
No one can say that Harry Wiest
 Is "wiest" in any sense;
And though he once played violin,
 That was no great offense.

Charles Kline may small in stature be,
 But big in heart is he;
He's somewhat like machine he sells;
 Great in efficiency.
Stein ne'er could stony-hearted be,
 Nor holder of home brew.
So names are not a token of
 The things men are and do.

Jake Stager has a life-long job
 As Squire of the Fourth Ward.
He used to be a singer, too,
 'Till singing got too hard.
At Loysville school, C. Leroy Blair,
 First steps in printing took;
If I had known it sooner, I'd
 Have had him print this book.

The Cannon of Security,
He holds his job down tight;
When there's a question of finance,
Ralph's always in the right.
J. Luther is a slick young chap;
He always has his way.
He pulls some things that others can't;
That's just because he May.

Joe Wallazz, he's a regular,
He gets here once a year;
Whene'er the annual feast comes round,
Our Josie does appear.
D. F. is like the Legislature,
He meets biennially;
Lloyd Myers is always on the job,
He blooms perennially.

All of us have our ups and downs
Grim has more than his share;
And, though he starts and stops by spells,
He always gets you there.
The other Grim, he also is
Quite famous on the run;
But, get me right, he earned his cross,
By running after Hun.

Shull takes care of the things you eat;
The products of the grain.
His bread and cakes so tasty are
You eat and eat again.
Then, when you get the "tummy-ache,"
And fear that you will die,
Doc. Russell's pills will fix you up;
Best keep a dozen nigh.

Wayne G. McFall, he plays baseball,
Just as a recreation;
And while he plays, he umpire baits,
Just as a new sensation.
They make George Leber tired of life,
Wayne and his friend, Sam Ruby;
But when Sam tries to catch some flies,
He looks just like a booby.

The genial Stouchs, father and son,
Are regular and steady;
Whatever job is set for them,
You'll find them always ready.
G. Edward George, the base ballist,
More popular as "Lefty,"
Is glad the dinners come in Feb.
As pitcher he's quite "hefty."

Doc. Hoffman is a D. D. S.,
Tooth carpenter, you know.
At fixing up your dental needs
He's not a wee bit slow.
Another worker in cement
Is Edward Spangler Frey;
Since I'm responsible for him,
To praise him I'll not try.

Our sunny haired O. Lucas, he
Is quite a hustling man;
He sells electric washers
On the installment plan.
But Bechtel runs no chances, he
Must have the cash in hand;
Because his wares are just as good
As cash, all o'er the land.

A. Himes sells automobiles;
There's none that his excell.
If you give him a chance, he'll have
A story long to tell.
But the best thing in an auto
Is chicken at your side;
And Smith can furnish the headgear
With which she's satisfied.

Will. Gallatin sells novelties
To advertise your ware;
He does his best to help you in
Your business to get there.
Then, when you've made your fortune great
Are put in the first rank;
O. Myers will take care of it,
And keep it in his bank.

Young Harvey Gross is a good old soul;
A Democrat to the core;
But, as you come to know him well,
You like him, more and more.
There's Luther Melhorn, he takes fares
Upon the trolley line;
But at the pic-nic, kindly helps
Fill out a base ball nine.

Here in these pages you may find
The men, or saints or sinners,
Who gather in these annual feasts
Well known as "Weber's Dinners."
If I've missed any, of this be sure,
They all are up-to-date;
They must be good, or else they can't
Belong to "38".

Tributes

“This tribute to his name.”

WASHINGTON

Uprising from the fertile plain
Where wave the fields of golden grain,

 Where throbs the pulse of life;
Where countless millions daily toil,
Where reeks the unrest and turmoil
 Of mankind's bitter strife;—

Thence spring the everlasting hills,
Uplifted by the mighty thrills
 On great creation's morn,
When mountains vast were upward hurled
And formed the ridge pole of the world,
 When continents were born.

With tow'ring cliffs, 'mid endless snow,
Where untamed winds eternal blow,
 The hoary Himalays;
With crag and spur and battlement,
By precipice and chasm rent,
 They pierce the Eastern skies.

Above them all, there rises now
A giant mass, with Jovian brow,
 Majestic and serene.
No lightning's fork nor tempest's shock
Can move the everlasting rock,
 Nor mar that noble mien.

So, in the story of mankind,
He who reads wisely there will find
 The giants of our race;
The men who, on the scroll of fame,
In characters of living flame,
 Have left immortal trace.

By circumstances set apart,
They well and truly played their part
 Above the average man;
They fill the place in which they're thrust,
They justify their fellows' trust,
 They "carry on" the plan.

But, far above these Anakim,
We place the laurel wreath on him
 Whose day we celebrate.
Achilles had his unbathed heel,
And self was mixed with common weal,
 So none was wholly great.

Some shone alone in council seat;
Some gloried much in wisdom's feat;
And some in battle won.
But, "first in war and first in peace,"
We sing, in songs that never cease,
The praise of WASHINGTON.

No purple robe had charm for him;
No jeweled crown could ever dim
The lustre of his name.
He only led when duty called;
The pomp of War for him soon palled,
When Peace with honor came.

The leader's sword, so bravely drawn,
And wielded well, with brain and brawn,
When tyrant foe oppressed,
Was gladly sheathed when, victory won,
The battle o'er, the conflict done,
The nation was at rest.

When, from his country, newly born,
There came to him, one winter's morn,
The call to lead again
Her people in the peaceful way
In which the nation's safety lay,
That call came not in vain.

His counsels led the Ship of State;
He built a structure truly great;
 Foundations deep and wide;
And, when the work, so well begun,
At last is safely, surely done,
 He lays the crown aside.

When Privilege, with brazen hand,
Would rule or ruin this fair land,
 May we his name invoke;
When Anarchy would throttle all,
At thought of him its doom will fall;
 We'll win, with one fair stroke.

The Himalayan peaks that rise
For miles and miles into the skies,
 Will crumble in the dust
Before the name of Washington
Shall be forgotten as The One,
 The Virtuous and the Just.

VALLEY FORGE

O, hallowed ground! Where patriot sires,
Forsaking havens of desires—
The peaceful calm of hearthside fires—

To fight for Liberty,
Were huddled in a dreary vale,
Where cold and famine caused to quail
Hearts that were never known to fail,
In all the days gone by.

Where spirits sunk, by tales unjust;
Where souls were humbled in the dust;
Where bodies craved but for a crust,
Alive the spark to keep.

To walk with unshod feet the snow;
With crimson stains the footprints show
Where martyr souls pass to and fro,
O'er paths both rough and steep.

Each morning finds new hopes a-stirred,
Of succor nigh, of rumors heard;
Each evening sees these hopes deferred,

As darkness settles down
And men 'neath scanty blankets creep,
To think of home; perchance to weep;
'Till wearied Nature seeks in sleep
Their wants and woes to drown.

Then, in their sleep, come visions fair
Of food a-plenty, rich and rare;
The foe is gone! Peace ev'rywhere,

In Summer's golden gleam.

Back to a mother's gentle breast!

Back to the wife still loved the best!

Back to the children in the nest!

Alas! 'Tis but a dream!

To charge upon the wavering foe,
To cut and slash as on you go,
To strike for Freedom's cause a blow—

'Tis soldier's Paradise.

Of charge to meet the coming shock;

To stand firm as unshaken rock;

With foe in bitter fight to lock;—

Why, that way glory lies!

But, ah! To stand with folded arms;
No shrill of fife, no beat of drums,
As silently and swiftly comes

The bitterest foe of all.

His cruel breath, as he draws nigh,

Makes gaunt the cheek and dims the eye,

And men grow faint and pray to die;

The stoutest hearts appall.

To lie and suffer, and to know
That theirs is but to will, and go
Where home and creature comforts, lo!

Are all at their command.

To know, and yet for Freedom's fight
They still will stand, true to the right,
Through dreary day and darkest night
They freeze and starve—but stand.

This, this, of all the greatest test,
That tries the spirit and the zest,
That proves the truest and the best

Of that heroic band.

For them ring out the merry bell;
For them let joyous chorus swell;
Of them let song and story tell;
The bravest of the land.

O, sacred vale! To us how meet
The crimson stains of bleeding feet;
The emblem of devotion sweet;

A gift to Liberty.

So long as man is more than beast;
So long as life is more than feast;
So long as mem'ry runs, at least;
This vale remembered be.

These men shall not have starved in vain,
Nor useless be the crimson stain,
If we, their sons, will e'er remain
 To Freedom's banner true.
If we, forgetting selfish greed,
Shall stand fast for our country's meed;
If we, e'er faithful to her need,
 For her shall dare and do.

FRANCE

Who stayed the fierce, onrushing wave,
 When Islam would engulf the world?
Who fought at Tours from morn till eve,
 Till Moslem hosts were backward hurled?
When Cross and Crescent issue joined—
 Shall darkness stay or light advance—
Who saved the world from Sultan's sway?
 The Men of France! The Men of France!

When foreign monarch sought to join
The Gallic nation to his throne—
A mere appendage to his crown,
A little plaything, all his own—
Who taught a weakling king the way
To draw his sword, to couch his lance?
Who fought and died, but crowned her
King?
The Maid of Orleans, Maid of France.

When Revolution's cause seemed lost;
When Liberty was almost spent;
When years of warfare seemed in vain;
Who saved the day? Who succor sent?
Who crossed the sea, fought by our side;
At Yorktown made Cornwallis dance
And placed a new star in the sky?
Soldiers of France! Soldiers of France!

Who struggle now, by day, by night,
On bleak hillside, in fertile field,
Where women work, where fair hands bleed
In toil, so earth her fruits may yield?
Who form a living wall of men,
So German hordes shall not advance;
Who fight, endure, and fight again?
People of France! People of France!

Shall we stand by and fold our hands?
Have Tours and Yorktown been in vain?
In vain the blood so freely spilled
On Verdun's heights, by bloody Aisne?
No; No; Five million sons of ours
Will cross the sea, will dare the chance!
Attention! Soldiers! Forward march!
Forward for France! Forward to
France!

THE LINCOLN WAY

Since man first left fair Eden's bowers,
Thrust in a world, where he
No longer lived by the mere act
Of plucking fruit from tree;

But dug and sowed, at last to reap;
Or sought the wilds for game;
And day's work o'er, at ev'ning's close
Back to his dwelling came—

He left his footprints on the sod,
And others followed him,
Until the land was girdled o'er
With ways, some fair, some dim.

And e'er the longing for the new,
Which moved Eve to partake
Forbidden fruit, has challenged men
The forward step to make.

To other shores, to other lands;
Perchance, somewhere, to find
New youth, or gold, or fairer scenes
Than those just left behind.

And so the way became the tie
Which bound the old to new;
Whereon traversed the great of earth,
The men who would things do.

The Appian Way, from Rome to coast,
Where conquer'rs of the world
Passed from the city to the sea,
In golden chariots whirled.

The Roman Way to forest wild,
Where Roman legions passed
Triumphant; e'er each victory
Was greater than the last.

E'en Albion's shores knew Roman road,
The great white Way to North;
Where cut and fill are yet in sight,
To speak of Roman worth.

The Roman Ways were bands of stone,
That stretched o'er all the world,
And bound it fast, though barb'rous hordes
Were oft along it hurled.

But Peace has triumphs greater far
Than any War can boast;
And in our day there is a Way
Which runs from coast to coast.

From where Columbia's torch's upraised
To light men evermore,
To where the Golden Gate is ope'd,
By fair Pacific's shore.

No clanking chains, or prison gyves,
Hold captives on this Way;
But teeming caravans of trade
Traverse it ev'ry day.

It binds a people great and free,
In friendly intercourse;
And knits us closer, day by day,
In one unconquered force.

* * * * *

This Way is wed to one great name;
One strong, courageous, bold;
Who took the helm of State, and then,
Most firmly he would hold

His course 'gainst men who deemed him
weak,
And sought to guide his hand;
'Gainst trait'rous foes, who fain would
bring
Destruction to our land.

Though trusted leaders proved but reeds,
And failed in hours of trial;
His patient confidence in God,
His utter lack of guile,

Still buoyed his people to the task;
Brought forth their faith and power;
And kept the Nation undismayed,
All through the darkest hour.

Then, when his task was safely o'er,—
One flag from sea to sea,—
He passed away, and yet he lives
In blessed memory.

So Way, which keeps our people close,
And Man, who kept us one,
Are linked in ties which can not break,
So long as Time is known.

* * * * *

I know a town, I'll not say where,
Through which this Way extends
From East to West, in one straight line,
With scarcely curves or bends.

As Lincoln stands in brightest light,
This town has mem'ries rare
Of men so brave, who went to War,
Cheered by their ladies fair.

Who helped to found this Nation new,
When Liberty prevailed;

Who helped to save this Nation great,
When trait'rous foes assailed.

Who gladly crossed a dang'rous sea
To meet a foe afar;

Who fought to save the world for Right,
And helped to win the War;—

Yet failed to honor, signally,—
Not Lincoln; his great name
Needs not the wreath of this one town
To add unto his fame;—

But failed to place herself with those
Who proudly fact proclaimed,
That the great Highway of the land
Was after this man named.

So, in the years and years to come,
Our heads will hang in shame,
Because our fathers would not pay
This tribute to his name.

ROOSEVELT

A tree, which towers far above,
Like redwood of the Western grove;
Beneath whose branches, spreading wide,
The common people may abide;
Whose massive trunk forms bulwark strong
'Gainst winds of evil, storms of wrong;
Whose precious fruit, an hundred fold,
Gives sustenance, like manna old.

Roosevelt! My Roosevelt!

A never-failing well of life,
Whose crystal stream is pregnant, rife,
With healing for the thirsty soul;
And all who drink shall be made whole.
Its waters bear no pois'nous strain
Of lust for power or greed of gain;
But courage, honor, faith and truth;
Strong for the right: for wrong no ruth.

Roosevelt! Your Roosevelt!

A man, built on the generous plan
Of all that goes to make a man;
Great heart, sound brain and fine physique;
In all things strong, in nothing weak;

True to his friends, yet, for the right
Would fight alone, if need for fight,
'Gainst those who on their kind encroach.
Lived three-score years without reproach.

Roosevelt! Our Roosevelt!

“Rose-of-the-field.” A flower fair,
Whose sweet perfume fills all the air;
Whose beauty rare all may enjoy,
With naught to injure or annoy;
And yet whose thorn the flesh will rend
Of those whose deeds to evil tend.
We meet to praise the man of worth,
And bless the mother who gave birth
To Roosevelt, the Roosevelt.

LAKE WILLIAMS

Down in old Hopewell township, where
The watersheds divide;
Where little rivulets abound
And through the meadows glide;
Two springs, but a few hundred feet
Apart, come bubbling forth;
One Southward to the Deer Creek flows,
The other, to the North.

From East and West come sister streams
And merge in one embrace;
Now smoothly flow through pastures green,
Now rush at rapid pace.
To West they turn; from Winterstown
A tributary flows;
From Hametown and Red Lion, too.
The stream in volume grows.

Anon men throw an obstacle;
The stream is safely dammed,
And through a smooth and narrow way
Its course is madly jammed.
The wooden wheels or steel turbines
That would its progress stay,

Are hurled around, and, with a bound,
It rushes on its way.

Thus serving man, it onward goes;
The mild-eyed kine are seen
To slake their thirst, to feed on grass
Which stream alone keeps green.
But, when this journey ends at last;
The many miles are run;
The waters gladly cease their flow;
They feel their task is done.

And there they lie, 'mid pine-clad hills,
In calm complete they rest;
Though winds may blow and thunders roll,
It merely moves the breast.
On Summer night, the myriad stars
Are mirrored on the lake;
While silver sheen of moon's fair beams
Unpainted picture makes.

But back of scenic beauty, lies
This re-assuring thought:
The life and comfort of our town
Is by this structure wrought.

Though fountains of the deep be sealed;
The heavens adamant;
For months and months, our city folk
For water shall not want.

No one can tell how long the time,
Since atom first left spring,
Until it flows across spillway,
And starts again, to bring
New life to thousands in the town;
To cleanse, to purify,
To do the hundred things it can,
Before it mounts on high.

If drop of water thus can move
In cycles evermore,
What folly 'tis to think that we
Shall die to live no more.
So let us go our destined way,
To flow, or rest in lake;
Assured that sometime, somewhere, we
Again new life shall take.



I had a friend—I have him yet,
Although he's gone before;
I know that we shall meet again;
I'll see him as of yore.

I had a friend—Oh, such a friend!
I knew him from my youth.
To me, he an exemplar seemed
Of gentleness and truth.

Through early days, he ran along,
A-sparkling like the brooks,
In many sports, in studious ways;
Through all with pleasant looks.
And, when maturity arrived,
He played a manly part;
He did the work for him to do,
With brave and loving heart.

His life was open as the day,
Unswerving for the right;
A living stream, no noxious pool;
But sparkling, fresh and bright.
Like pool of famed Siloam old,
With its life-giving strain,
Where lame and halt and impotent
Were all made whole again;

His mind a source of Wisdom pure,

Where none e'er quaffed in vain;

His heart, a fount of Honor true,

Without reproach or stain.

As lake, in years and years to come,

Will stand, a safeguard sure,

'Gainst blazing sun or cloudless sky,

'Gainst thirst for rich and poor,

So men like he, though passed away,

Will live in hearts of men,

Incentive to a nobler life.

In times of peril, when

The path of duty hidden seems;

When judgment runs astray;

The thought of where this man would stand,

Will drive all doubt away.

To wed the name of such a man

To such life-saving lake,

Was happy thought. It honors those

Who did such action take.

So man and lake united, are

An influence for good

To old and young, to rich and poor—

And this is as he would.

A RETIRING SUPERINTENDENT

We read today how one of old
Up to the city went,
On lowly steed, with humble train;
His thoughts were all intent
On what within the city lay
For Him, of woe or weal;
Refused, betrayed, denied, nay, e'en
The twelve were not all leal.

The crown of thorns, the cross of pain,
The stillness of the tomb;
Is't strange that o'er His features came
A look of sadness, gloom?
But hark! Upon the morning air
The children's voices ring;
"Hosanna in the highest!" Thus
The multitude doth sing.

Their garments throw across the path
('Tis love the offering brings.)
Palm branches strew along the way
Where rides the King of Kings.

We see not Christ; but we can cheer
With kindly words, each day,
His loved ones here, and thus will strew
Palm branches in His way.

* * * * *

So on this day, like those of old,
We're bound to have our say;
We'll throw our garments at the feet,
Strew branches in the way
Of one who never weary grows;
Has served us o'er and o'er;
Walked in and out, lived by our side,
For fifty years and more.

For one-and-twenty years has stood
In yonder sacred place;
With kindness beaming from his eyes;
The love-light in his face.
His smile irradiated all
Who chanced that smile to see;
No one but felt life more worth while
Because of such as he.

No cloud of gloom could long abide
When in our midst he came.
Though others may his mantle wear,
'Twill ne'er be quite the same.
None were too young, none were too old,
To come within his ken;
What kindly words he always spoke
(The sun was shining then.)

To guide the youth; to cheer the aged;
To comfort the distressed;
And if rebuke, rebuke was still
In words of love expressed.
His presence, knowledge and advice
Have shaped your destiny;
For one and twenty years he's steered
Your ship through every sea.

To you he gave, in fullest mete,
His work and word and thought;
The things that here have taken place
Were largely by him wrought!
The very walls wherein we meet
(A model room, indeed.)
Stand here, today, because he saw
A great and growing need.

And, seeing, worked with might and main
To transmute thought to deeds.
So in this place, at Christ's command,
The church her children feeds.
The church that, in the years to come,
Will grace yon vacant space,
Will largely owe its presence there
To his persuasive ways.

But 'tis not walls that make the school
Nor stainèd windows rare;
Nor vaulted nave, nor costly gates;
(These form a temple fair.)
But 'tis the souls who gather here
To teach, to learn, to praise;
To serve their fellows, worship God
Through all the coming days.

But church and school are but for time,
And time will cease to be;
The souls saved through his works are
saved
For all eternity.

As brook and creek and stream at last
Become the boundless sea;
So the full fruitage of his deeds
Can never measured be.

He's traveling to Jerusalem,
Jerusalem above.
And there these souls their palms will strew
With songs of grateful love.
The kindly word of counsel here,
The sunny genial smile;
Will reap fruition over there
Will prove the things worth while.

Dear Brother Bond, with joyful hearts
We've gathered here today,
To sing "Hosannas" and to strew
Palm branches in your way.
We're glad to follow in the road
That you so well have trod;
We're proud to know a man like you,
For of such are the sons of God.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD

O, nameless hero! Since thy name, unknown
Has placed thee on a pedestal alone;
The type of all who fell in the great strife,
When fruit of all the ages gasped for life.

Throughout the wide world many homes
still mourn
The loss of loved one, who, when he was
born,
Embodied hopes of friends that he some
day,
On his small stage a mighty part would
play;

But now they know that though their hopes
were vain,
Their hero's death has brought to them
great gain;
They know he whom they reared with
sacrifice
Has helped to save a world, though great
the price;

And thus their tears are tempered by the
joy
That not for nought has lived and died
their boy;
That while to some death may be sad mis-
chance,
Their boy will live because he died for
France.

But you, for whom no loved one's tears will
fall,
Since loved ones may not know you died at
all,
Are mourned by grateful country, as a type
Of all who fell when fatal time was ripe.

So, be it in the city by the Seine;
Or in the town the Germans bombed in
vain;
Or by Potomac's gently flowing tide,
Near city of a mighty nation's pride;

Where'er thy dust in solemn silence rest,
Among the nation's greatest and its best;
Where multitudes will gather at thy tomb,
And rev'rent souls, as holy pilgrims, come

To pay their homage to heroic hearts,
Who bravely played their all-important
parts,
Whose life and death, for all time will in-
spire
The coming youth with a consuming fire;

Fill manly souls with ever-growing zeal
To live, or die, to serve the common weal;
Make men and women strive to dare to do
To God and Country ever to be true;—

It is with thankful hearts we gladly pay
Our meed of praise to you who saved the
day;
Who live forever in the country's thought;
Whose death hath all of life's great bles-
sings wrought.

The Unknown Dead? Ah, No! The dead
best known;
The dead who live not by their name alone;
But typifying all the dead who died;
Their Country's saviors and their Coun-
try's pride.

Limericks

*“Use a Limerick every day,
And that will keep the ‘blues’ away.”*

LIMERICKS

Last March, as Winter receded,
The warnings of friends he unheeded;
The temperature fell,
He went to—well,
Where underwear never is needed.

A woman, a boy and a wagon, all set,
As long as I live I cannot forget;—
man
wo- went
The this
way
The met.
boy way them
he his of
went all
And here is the place where

There was a painter named Kohr,
Who gave a front the "once o'er";
 An ash-cart passed by,
 The ashes flew high;
And the painter painted once more.

There was a young man from near Etters',
Said his dogs had invisible fetters;
 For they never would go.
 His friend said "That's so;
Because them dogs is both setters."

I thought I would write a sonnet
About my wife's new bonnet.
 I put it on the chair,
 The 'phone rang at the stair—
Somebody came in and sat on it.

Two girls, who were quite fond of dog wood,
To the country, to get some, they jog would;
 When they heard the dog bark,
 That ended the lark;
They feared very much what the dog would.

Some girls went out for arbutus;
They spied a young man named Brutus;
They soon ran away,
And all they would say:
"His complexion didn't quite suit us."

Two stages ran daily their courses;
Were driven by two different forces;
The Dillsburg tramps
Used acetylene lamps;
East Prospect, a set o' lean horses.

A cheerful young man in Red Lion,
Was busy putting his tie on;
The pesky thing tore;
He said: "What a bore!
But now my new one I'll try on."

The Mayor's middle name's Smyser;
But no one can say he's a miser.
Some colored cranks
Tried to play some pranks;
And now they're sadder and wiser.

A young lady, utterly-utter,
When driving was all in a flutter;
 A dandy passed by,
 He caught her eye;—
The machine ran into the gutter.

There was a bright woman, West-ended,
Who to run for office intended;
 But when the boss heard,
 He said just a word,
And then her running was ended.

There is a young fellow named Guerney,
Who has quite a lot to learn. He
 Came over to York
 To do some slick work;
But all he did was the journey.

There was a young lady from Dover,
Who walked in a field of new clover.
 Her stockings were thin,
 The bee's stinger went in;
The girl said "Darn" and moreover.

A fellow had quite a nice Packard;
At speeeding he was not a laggard;
 He went 'round a curve,
 The machine did swerve:—
He now has a nice marble placard.

There's a town in the West—Eur-e-lia;
Up the hillside—it couldn't get higher;
 But a tenderfoot, sad,
 Got in very bad,
When he thoughtlessly said: "You're a
 liar."

Then a fellow, who'd traveled afar,
Received just as much of a jar,
 When he said to the crowd,
 In accents quite loud,
"Don't you know, it's "Eu-reli-a."

Miss Smythe was a young manicurist,
Who practiced on many a tourist;
 She pushed back the cuticle
 In a manner to tickle.
I hope this will pass by the purist.

There was a gay sport from York Haven
Who tried to do his own shavin';
 The blade wouldn't work;
 He gave it a jerk;
And then there sure was some ravin'.

A handsome young pair, in a Buick,
Went into the country to view it;
 With one hand on the wheel,
 A kiss he would steal,—
The machine—there's nothing more to it.

O, list to a tale quite do-lor-us:
A young man, on the Codorus,
 No longer was dry;
 The reason why?
His boat was entirely too porous.

But here is a tale most do-lor-us:
A toper, along the Codorus,
 Went suddenly dry;
 The reason why?
His flask was too utterly porous.

Young Algernon Reginald Smute
Got mixed up in a law suit;

But a jury of women
Could not find "a-gin" him,
Because his name was so "cute."

At a famous hotel called "The Brogue,"
Election day's fights were the vogue.

Or loser or winner,
A saint or a sinner,
There was fighting by good man and rogue.

At another hotel called "The Jack,"
Of "eats" there was never a lack;
But the apple jack there,
So sparkling and rare,
Set many a sober man back.

Poor cop! 'Tis no auto or wagon he
Worries with, but his soul is in agony,
And he gets very sore
Because of the bore
Who crosses the square diagon'ly.

Our Eli plays games in profusion;
Pinochle to others' exclusion.
But his partner, amazed
When his bid Eli raised,
Handed to him quite a contusion.

They strolled 'long shore, in pensive mood;
They thought themselves in solitude;
 The lake, so inviting,
 They knew they'd delight in
A bath, which they took, arrayed in the
 nude.

Through the streets there swept quite a
 breeze;
Her skirts just reached to her knees;
 She was very much worried;
 On her way she hurried;
“If only my ears no one sees.”

Young Luria on street corner stands,
On Baker's case proudly expands:
 “The jury I braved,
 His life I saved,
And I did it all with my hands.”

It has very much worried my brain
To write in this rather low strain;
 But of work there's no waste,
 If, right here, you make haste
To read these all over again.

Miscellaneous

“A mixture of various things.”—Webster.

MY KENTUCKY GIRL

There's a little black-eyed girl 'way down in
Old Kentucky;
If she'd only smile on me I'd think myself
quite lucky.
Her cheeks are like the roses, her eyes like
stars of night;
Her smile, ah! it discloses a ray of heavenly
light.

CHORUS

Oh, how happy I would be
If she'd only smile on me,
And say that some sweet day she will be
mine.
My skies would be the brighter,
And my heart would be the lighter.
If I knew for me her eyes would always
shine.

Her voice is like a zephyr, blowing softly
through the trees,
Her lips two charming rosebuds that were
only made to tease.
Her heart is warm and tender, from all de-
ceit 'tis free;
If only she would promise 'twill always beat
for me.—Chorus

Sometimes she passes coldly, with head up-
lifted high;
Sometimes she smiles upon me from the
corner of her eye.
Sometimes I think she loves me; sometimes
I am in doubt;
I wonder, oh, I wonder, if I ever will find
out.—Chorus.

“Fair heart ne'er won fair lady” is a saying
old and true;
I think I'll pluck up courage and ask her;
wouldn't you?
And if she smiles upon me, and says that
she'll be mine,
My cup with joy'll run over; the sun for me
will shine.

CHORUS

Oh, how happy I will be,
When she really smiles on me.
And marriage vows have made her truly
mine.
No storms can then affright me,
Her joys will my delight be,
When she greets me at the doorstep, with
eyes that for me shine.

TO A BRIDE

*“Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet.”*

—Longfellow.

Ah, no!

Standing with implicit trust;
Feeling sure that time will prove
All her doubts be swallowed up
In the ocean of his love.

Doubts of him? At the mere thought,
Ev'ry instinct is aflame;
Heart indignant throbs in pain,
Mantles cheek and brow in shame.

Sun might rise in western skies;
Moon might set 'neath eastern hills;
Mother love desert her child;
All imaginable ills

On her fair, young head descend;
None of these would seem so strange
As to dream that love like his
Could but for a moment change.

Nay, the only bitter dred
That may linger in her cup,
Is the fear that to his mark
She may never measure up;

That his thought of wife may be
Set upon a standard high;
Set so high none may attain,
Born below an earthly sky.

Oh, dear girl! Set heart at rest!
E'en your choice is but a man;
And Eve's daughters long have known
How to manage and to plan

So that man, unknown to him,
May be led in silken chains;
Though he dream that he is lord,
Dreams are guerdon for his pains.

Charms that brought him to your feet
Still will keep him by your side;
Ev'ry girl that e'er was wed
May remain a life-long bride.

Husband, home and fireside,
And the children God may send,
Are a taste of joys divine;
These be yours unto the end.

WHEN HE IS THE CASHIER

The bank clerk stands behind his desk;
 His pen behind his ear
He's dreaming of the happy time
 When he will be cashier.
No more long columns he will add,
 Or worry with his cash;
These things will then all different be—
 Oh, won't he cut a dash !

How fine his signature will look
 On nice and new greenback.
How needy borrowers will bow to him,
 When money they do lack.
The Directors all will speak to him
 With trembling and with fear;
E'en the President will then consult
 With this astute cashier.

Just then, a sharp and rasping voice
 That he's heard oft before,
Says: "Have you balanced that man's book,
 Or must I speak once more?"

His house of cards falls suddenly,
His fellow-clerks do leer;
He realizes, with a thud,
That he is not cashier.

WHEN IT RAINS ON MONDAY

The thrifty wife doth fret and fume,
The damp clothes hang around the room;
And everything is up the flume,
When it rains on Monday.

The dinner's just a little poor;
"Left-overs" from the day before;
With spiced cold tongue thrown in galore;
When it rains on Monday.

The day is blue enough, you know,
Nothing whatever seems to go;
But it chills you to your greatest toe,
When it rains on Monday.

There's not a cheerful spot in sight;
It's extra hard to do things right;
It takes a hero to be bright
When it rains on Monday.

A WELCOME HOME

Dear Brother Bond, we welcome you
Back from a foreign shore;
We feared you might get stuck on it
And would come back no more.
Dear Sister Bond, we're glad to see
Again your smiling face;
We fondly hope that you still think
York is the better place.

You've talked with Scotch and English
folks,
With Frenchmen too, no doubt;
But in your travels you, perhaps,
This one thing have found out:
The folks at home are just as good
As any folks o'er there;
A man who has a friendly heart
Will find friends everywhere.

The town of York is still your town,
No better did you see;
And, after women manage it,
I'm sure you will agree

That though it's good to go abroad,
It's better to come back;
And see again the good old town,
Where friends you'll never lack.

PORtUGUESE SONG

Where the Tagus' blue waters flow out to
the sea,
Where the breath of Atlantic blows over
the lea;
There, there lies our own land, so fair to
the sight,
And o'er it in splendor floats the blue and
the white.

We pledge our devotion, O, dear land, to
thee.
Thy sons and thy daughters are noble and
free.
From hearts that are loyal, in joy and
delight,
Come anthems of praise for the blue and
the white.

MONDAY

I just hate old Monday morning;
Worst day of the week.
All the folks that I do know,
Ill of it do speak.
Ev'rybody's out of sorts,
Feeling rather cross;
We could easily drop this day
And never mind its loss.

Papa's mustache bristles fierce,
Seems to feel quite blue.
Mother says he painted town
Of a reddish hue.
Sister Sal is sleepy-eyed,
Looking wan and yellow;
That's because she sat up late
A-courting of her fellow.

Breakfast don't amount to much,
Bridget's at the tubs.
Baby howls and makes a fuss;
(Don't like these little dubs.)

E'en the house dog looks forlorn;
Canary bird's not gay;
Everything is upside down
On this confounded day.

Had a good time yesterday
Reading fairy stories;
Lots of stuff I'll hear today
'Bout old Whigs and Tories.
Dry as dust this History:
Washington and Lee,
And the other famous men;
What are they to me?

Wish that by some trick, I could
Go to bed on Sunday
And not wake up, until, at last,
Out of sight was Monday.
Other days are 'nough for me;
But if there is one day
That I'd like to give a swipe,
It is this same old Monday.

SPANISH SONG

Soft Southern sunbeams
Bathe thy plains in golden sheen;
Bright Southern waters
Lave thy shores serene.
From Pyrre'an mountains
To Granada's sunny slopes,
Floats the gold and crimson
Banner of our hopes.

Chorus.

Espagna! Espagna!
Where the gold and crimson flies.
 Espagna! Espagna!
Gem of Southern skies.

Blue are the waters;
Green the hillside and the plain;
Fair are the daughters;
Brave the sons of Spain.
Land of vine and olive
Which the sea and mountain fold;
O'er thee waves our banner
The crimson and the gold.

KEEP YOUR OVERCOAT ON

The sun shines brightly, the blue birds sing;
The almanac says that this is Spring;
You feel as sprightly as any old thing;
But—keep your overcoat on.

The crocuses are peeping from out the
ground;
The modest arbutus may now be found;
The gurgling brook has a pleasant sound;
But—keep your overcoat on.

The gard'ner now wields his ax and his
knife;
The chrysalises are waking to life;
For Spring housecleaning plans the good
wife;
But—keep your overcoat on.

The cackling hen now sings her cheerful
lay;
Her lord makes music the livelong day;
The very dogs in the street do play;
But—keep your overcoat on.

Pneumonia is looking for men just like you;
It catches them napping, and when it gets
through,
The undertaker their funeral does do;
He puts the overcoat on.

10,000 MILES AWAY

It's lovely out here in Luzon.
Ten thousand miles away.
Where the sun pours forth a fervid heat,
Where Summer has come to stay.
Where the pick-a-ninnies flourish,
And in Nature's garments play.
I'd rather be back in York Town,
Ten thousand miles away.
They send us after insurgents,
Out yonder in the thicket.
We can hear their Mauser bullets;
They're shooting rather wicked.
We charge them with a cheer, but
The rascals will not stay.
We seem to be chasing shadows
Ten thousand miles away.

I'm thinking to-night of apple,
Of peach and cherry trees;
Of pink and sunny blossoms
A-waving in the breeze;
Of strawberries all dewy,
Just at the peep of day;
These things don't grow in Luzon,
Ten thousand miles away.

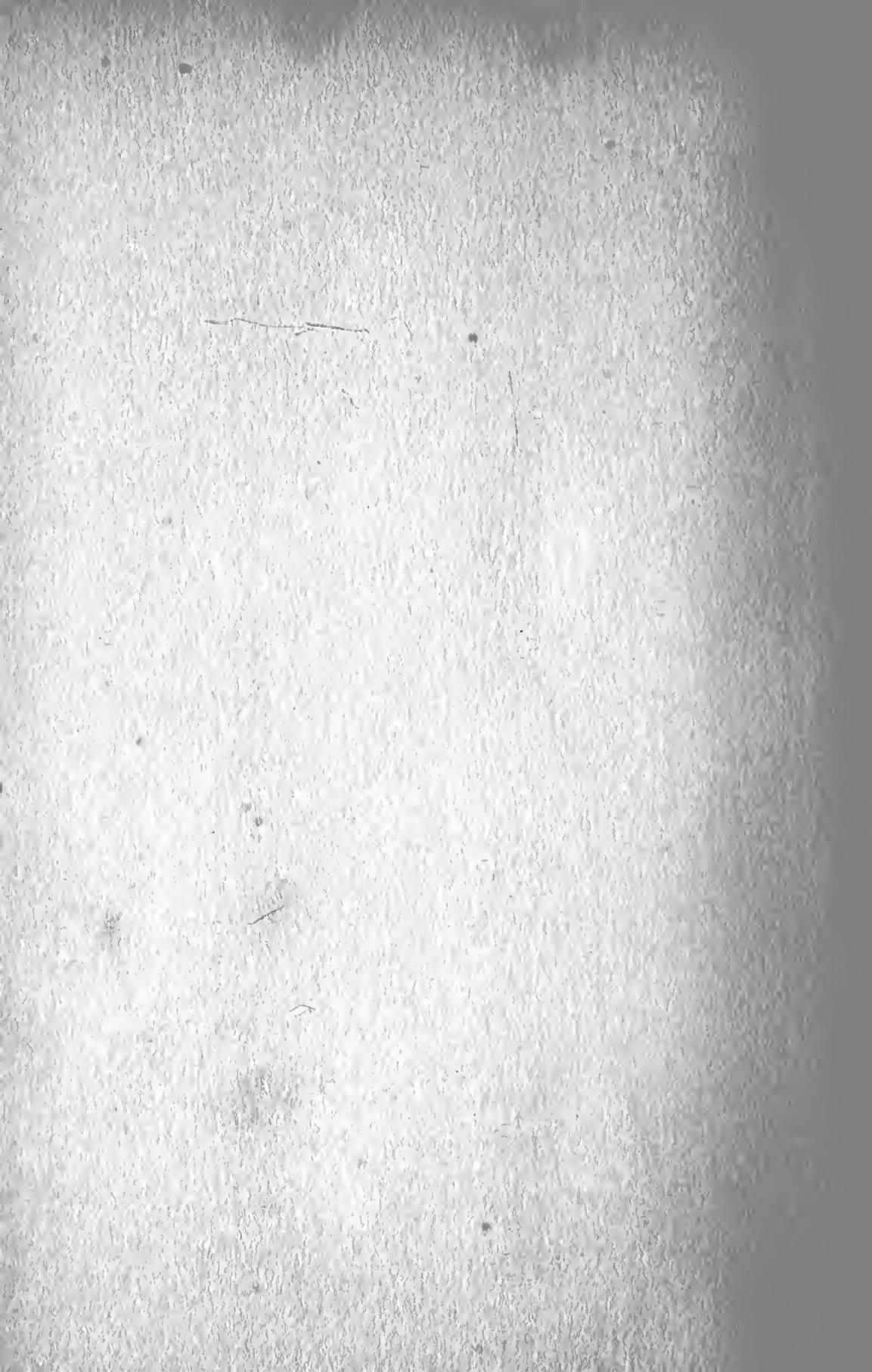
I'd like to run with the "Vigy,"
To put the fire out;
I'd like to 'tend a Convention,
And hear the people shout;
I like the way they do things
In Pennsylvania;
I wish I was back in York Town,
Ten thousand miles away.

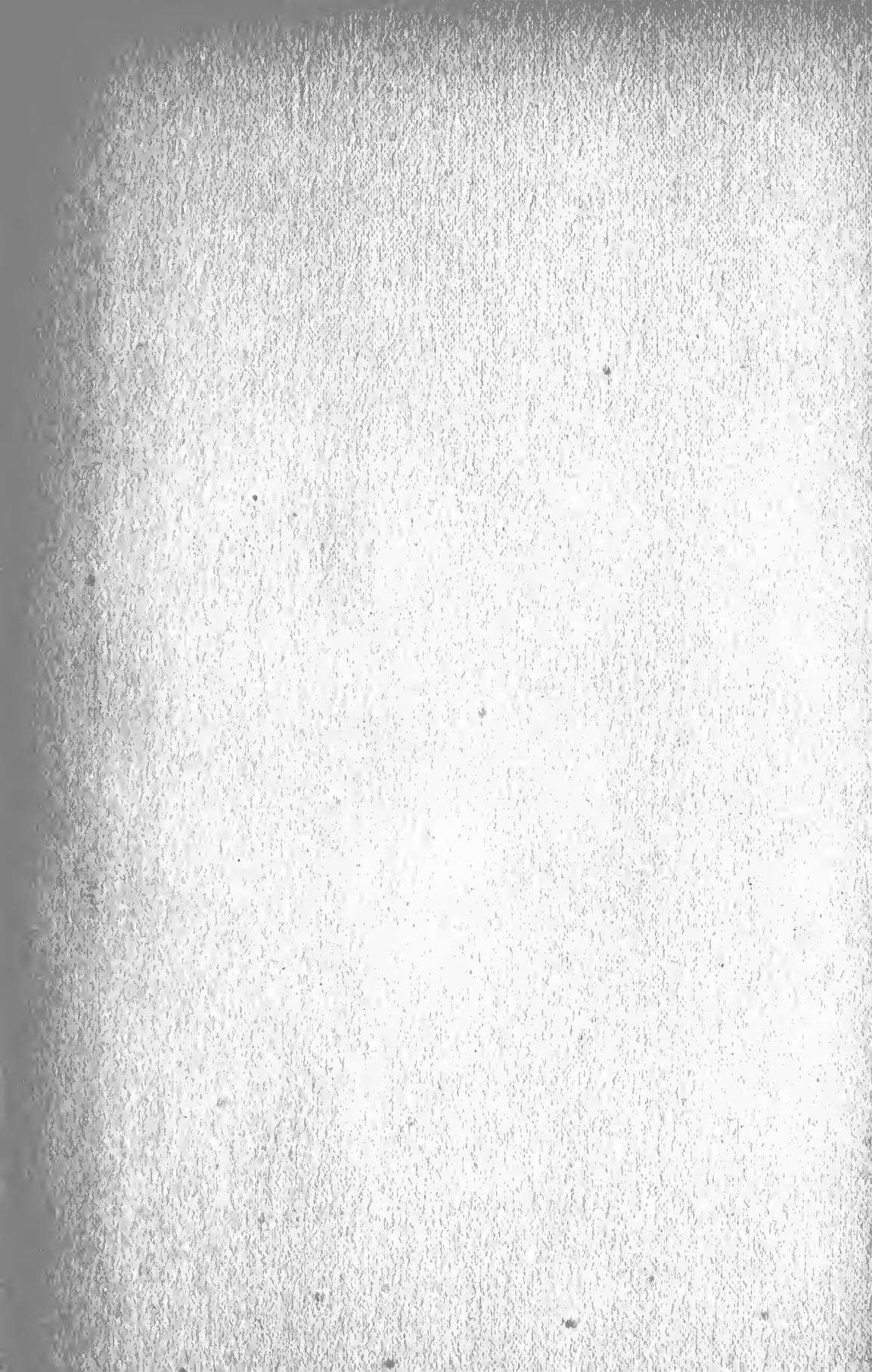
But we're educating the natives;
They're slowly getting calm;
They soon will learn the wisdom
Of joining Uncle Sam.
We're working out our duty,
In Luzon, U. S. A.;
And the same flag flows in York Town,
Ten thousand miles away.

PORTO RICO

Say, am I in or am I out
Of these United States?
That is a matter which, indeed,
To my welfare relates.
If in, then how can tariff laws
Restrict me in my trade.
Between the States and I, can there
Be legal barriers made?
If out, then who can govern me?
Who is my sovereign lord?
Is but the title to his rule
The power of his sword?
Why do the blessed stars and stripes
Flow proudly over me?
For I've been told this glorious flag
Floats only o'er the free.
O, why was I from Spain cut loose,
If now a waif am I;
No one to sell to or exchange,
No one from whom to buy.
My legal status please define;
Tell me where I am at;
Protective tariff or free trade?
Say, is it this or that?







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